

# The Sketch



No. 623.—VOL. XLVIII.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1905.

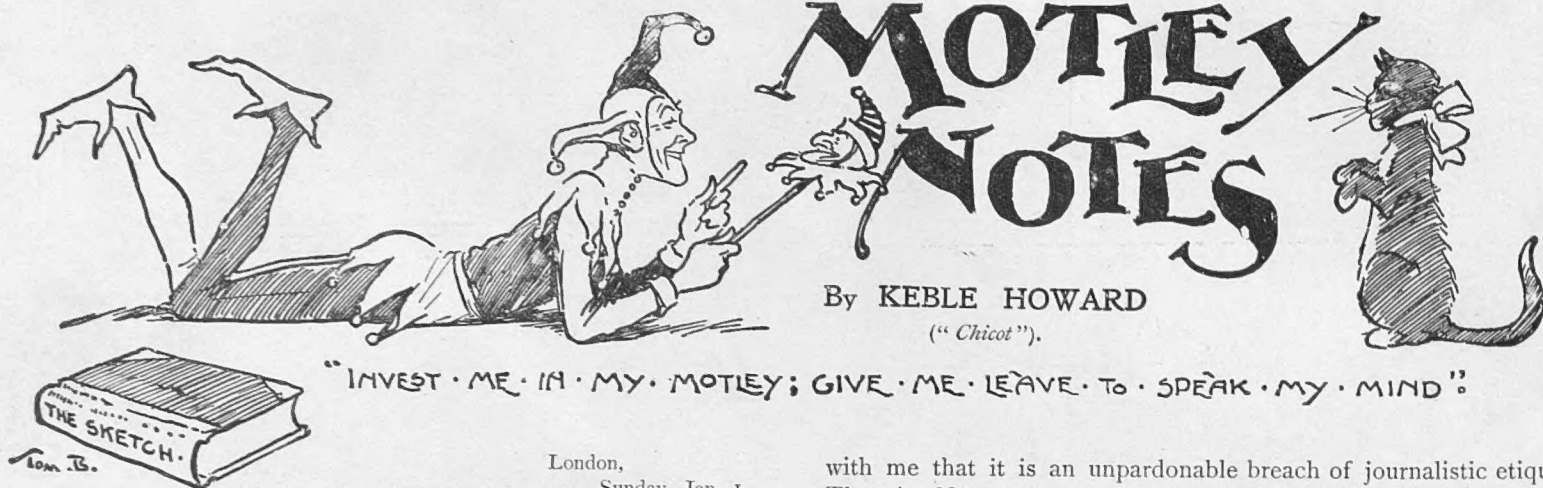
SIXPENCE.



[Photographs by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.]

MRS. BASCHE AND MRS COLLE,

TWO BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIAN SISTERS WHO MAY SHORTLY BE SEEN ON THE LONDON STAGE.



London,  
Sunday, Jan. 1.

IT would never do, I suppose, to allow this occasion to pass without saying something rather amusing about good resolutions. At any rate, all the humourists in the Sunday papers have complied with the convention, and I am the last person in the world to let a dear old custom die out if there is any way of preserving it. I have made a little list, therefore, of my good resolutions for the year 1905, and propose to place it before you for your approval. Here it is—

- (1) Never to spend Sunday in London.
- (2) Never to join in any discussion as to the relative merits of Dickens and Thackeray, the artistic positions of Pinero, Kipling, and Barrie, the Tariff Reform Question, the position in Manchuria, the popularity of Miss Marie Corelli, or the Drury Lane pantomime.
- (3) Never to interfere in an argument between two men who don't know what they are talking about and can't hear what the other is saying.
- (4) Never to get irritable, when attending a theatrical performance, if the people sitting immediately behind me like to chatter about the private lives of the players instead of listening to the play.
- (5) Never to get annoyed, when attending a musical piece, if somebody sitting in the same row likes to beat time to the songs with both fists and both feet.
- (6) Never, when walking through the Strand on a muddy day, to indulge in impotent rage because a passing omnibus happens to sprinkle my face, my collar, and my coat with dabs of mud about the size of sixpenny-bits.
- (7) Never to speak flippantly of the works or speeches of Mr. Hall Caine.

The last of these resolutions needs a little explanation. A week or two ago, you may remember, I commented upon a speech delivered by Mr. Hall Caine at the Christmas dinner of the New Vagabond Club. The issue of *The Sketch* in which these playful remarks appeared was published on Wednesday, Dec. 21, the dinner of the New Vagabond Club having taken place on the previous Monday. Owing to the exigencies of printing at that awkward time of the year, however, my notes were written on Saturday, Dec. 17, and dated accordingly. In order to explain my prescience, therefore, I went out of my way to thank the Joint Honorary Secretaries of the Club for having been good enough to forward me an advance proof of Mr. Hall Caine's speech. The proof was accompanied by the usual letter asking me not to publish extracts from the speech until after the dinner had taken place. With this request, of course, I complied. Now for the sequel.

Yesterday afternoon there was handed to me a little paper called the *Master Printer and Newspaper Owner*. In this journal there appeared a letter entitled, "A Question of Newspaper Etiquette." The writer of the letter signed himself, "Geo. B. Burgin, Joint Hon. Sec. of The New Vagabond Club." Mr. Burgin began by explaining that his letter was written in the interests of newspaper proprietors. The case against the wicked "Chicot," he said, stood thus. He, Geo., had sent an advance copy of Mr. Hall Caine's notes to "Chicot," and the dreadful fellow had returned the courtesy by jeering at Mr. Hall Caine. Passing over the facts that the "notes" ran to a couple of columns or more, included the names of those present at the dinner, and appeared word for word in the daily papers before *The Sketch* was published, I will quote the more entertaining portion of Mr. Burgin's letter. "I have laid the case," he assured the Editor of the *Master Printer and Newspaper Owner*, "before three or four of our leading London editors, and they all agree

with me that it is an unpardonable breach of journalistic etiquette." There! Now you see, friend the reader, what comes of dealing flippantly with serious people. Mr. Burgin's letter would have been more deadly, however, if he had stated the nature of this breach of etiquette. Was it supposed to be a secret, I wonder, that the proof of the speech was sent out? Or did Geo. imagine that, because my notes were dated Dec. 17, therefore *The Sketch* was published on that day? I should hate to be unjust to him, but I fear Mr. Burgin has displayed a pardonable lack of journalistic intelligence. By the way, with all deference to the *Master Printer and Newspaper Owner*, it would be interesting to know why Mr. Burgin printed his letter in that journal alone. He had already gained the sympathy, he tells us, of three or four leading London editors. Never shun publicity, dear Mr. Burgin.

Whether children should or should not go to the Drury Lane pantomime this Christmas is a matter that I am not competent to discuss, for the simple reason that I have not been there myself. I have been everywhere else, though, and I will name a dozen shows now running at West-End theatres to which any child might take its parents without the least hesitation. First of all, without a doubt, comes Mr. Barrie's "Peter Pan." I was interested to hear, on first-rate authority, that Mr. Barrie derived his ideas for this delightful play from a series of thrilling adventures that he himself experienced in the New Forest. His companions in adventure, I understand, were a privileged band of real children, who explored, with the playwright, the wonderful "Home under the Ground," who assisted him to drown the wicked pirates and overcome the bloodthirsty Indians, and who learnt from him to believe—as Mr. Barrie would have all children believe—in fairies. Small wonder that "Peter Pan" is a triumph of sheer light-heartedness! Small wonder that the music of Tinker Bell's voice quickens the breath of the children in the darkened theatre, or that the tender scene in the night-nursery lightens the eyes of the world-worn grown-ups! There is no cynicism, no taunting in "Peter Pan." It is the sweetest as well as the most humorous piece of work that Mr. Barrie has yet given us.

Again, any child might take its parents, I think, to see Mr. Tree's revival of "The Tempest," and they might continue the course of instruction by paying a visit to "The Taming of the Shrew," at the Adelphi. Before they witness the latter play, however, I should like to warn them, more especially the elder boys, that Petruchio's taming of Katharine was justified only by her exceptionally horrid temper, and by the gentleness with which he treated her ever afterwards. It would be a thousand pities if the elder boys came away from the Adelphi with the impression that every girl of spirit was fair game for bullying.

Of the other entertainments, I can recommend "Véronique," at the Apollo; "Charley's Aunt," at the Comedy; "The Cingalee," at Daly's; "The Orchid," at the Gaiety; "Little Black Sambo and Little White Barbara," and "Lady Jane's Christmas Party," at the Garrick; "His Majesty's Servant," at the Imperial; "Beauty and the Barge," at the Haymarket; "Snowdrop and the Seven Little Men," at the Royalty; and "The Catch of the Season," at the Vaudeville. The children, you see, need not be deprived of any fun this Christmas, even though they should decide against Drury Lane. As a matter of fact, though, it is my personal opinion that children don't bother themselves very much about the things that are said on the stage. They merely look at the things that are done. If you don't agree with me, ask Mr. Barrie. He knows.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



THE CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL: TWO PRETTY CHRISTMAS SCENES.



MRS. LANGTRY LOADING A CART WITH TOYS FOR THE POOR CHILDREN OF KENTFORD, NEAR NEWMARKET. THE HOUSE SHOWN IN THE BACKGROUND IS REGAL LODGE, MRS. LANGTRY'S COUNTRY HOME.

*Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.*



CHRISTMAS DAY IN ONE OF THE WARDS OF THE NORTH-EASTERN HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN.

*Photograph taken exclusively for "The Sketch."*



**DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.**—Managing Director,  
ARTHUR COLLINS.  
**THE WHITE CAT.**  
TWICE DAILY, at 1.30 and 7.30. BOX OFFICE OPEN ALL DAY.

**HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.** MR. TREE.  
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.20.  
(Last Weeks) **THE TEMPEST.** (Last Weeks)  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.  
**MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING**  
Will be produced on TUESDAY, Jan. 24.

**GARRICK.**—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH.—At 8.30 in **THE WALLS OF JERICHO**, by Alfred Sutro. EVERY AFTERNOON, 2.30. **LITTLE BLACK SAMBO** and **LADY JANE'S CHRISTMAS PARTY**.

**STRAND THEATRE.**—Proprietor Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon.  
EVERY EVENING, at 8 o'clock, **SERGEANT BRUE** (of the "C" Division), a Musical Farce in Three Acts by Owen Hall. Music by Madame Liza Lehmann. Lyrics by J. Hickory Wood. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.

**PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.**—Lessee and Manager,  
MR. FRANK CURZON. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' SEASON. EVERY EVENING at 8.15. **LADY MADCAP.** MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.15.

**IMPERIAL THEATRE.** MR. LEWIS WALLER.  
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.15,  
**HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANT.**  
MR. LEWIS WALLER, MR. H. V. ESMOND, MISS EVELYN MILLARD.  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.

**LONDON HIPPODROME.**  
Managing Director, MR. H. E. MOSS.  
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.  
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

**COLISEUM.** Trafalgar Square and of ST. MARTIN'S LANE. **FOUR PERFORMANCES EVERY DAY. TWO ALTERNATE PROGRAMMES.**

**COLISEUM.** ELECTRICAL. REVOLVING STAGE. AUDITORIUM CHORISTERS. **TWICE DAILY, At 12 o'clock and 3 o'clock. TWICE NIGHTLY, At 6 o'clock and 9 o'clock.** Doors open one hour before each Performance.

**COLISEUM.** EACH PERFORMANCE LASTS TWO HOURS. Seats in all Parts Numbered and Reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats. Telegrams, "Coliseum, London" Telephone, No. 7541 Gerrard. **BOOKING OFFICES NOW OPEN From 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.**

**COLISEUM.** Boxes £2 2s. and £1 1s. Other Seats, 4s., 3s., 2s., 1s., and 6d. **FOUR PERFORMANCES EVERY DAY. TWO ALTERNATE PROGRAMMES.** Managing Director, OSWALD STOLL.

**ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, "HENGLER'S," OXFORD CIRCUS, W.**—Over Two Hundred Acting and Performing Animals, including The Acting Bear, Madame Batavia. Twice daily, at 3 and 8. Prices 1s. to 5s., Children half-price to all parts. Box Office 10 to 10. Telephone 4138 Gerrard.

**CHAPPELL BALLAD CONCERTS, QUEEN'S HALL.** FIRST CONCERT OF THE NEW YEAR, SATURDAY AFTERNOON NEXT, Jan. 7, at 3 o'clock. Tickets, 6s. (to admit four, 21s.), 3s., 2s., 1s. of Chappell's, New Bond Street; Chappell's Box Office, Queen's Hall; and usual agents.

**£1000 BILLIARD TOURNAMENT** At BURROUGHS AND WATTS' SALON, 19, Soho Square, W. Daily at 3 p.m. and 8 p.m.

**WHY WINTER ABROAD?** The Winter Climate of PENZANCE is unsurpassed; Warm and Equable, with Abundant Sunshine. Delightful Scenery.

**QUEEN'S HOTEL, PENZANCE.** REDUCED TARIFF for the Winter Months, from Dec. 1 to March 1. 10s. 6d. per day, or £3 10s. per week, including Apartments, Attendance, Full Board, Baths, &c. Special terms for families making lengthened stay. Faces South, and has 175 feet frontage to the Sea. The most Southern First-class Hotel in England. Beautifully Furnished, with all Modern Comforts and Conveniences. ILLUSTRATED GUIDE on application to MANAGERESS. Also York House Hotel, Bath; Bull Hotel, Cambridge; Royal Castle Hotel, Dartmouth.

**HOTEL DE LA TERRASSE ET RICHEMONT, CANNES, A.M.** First Class. Elevated Situation. Beautiful Park. Ten minutes' walk from Sea and Station. Tram communication to all parts. Four large Public Rooms and Hall. Terms according to agreement. Rooms from 3 fr. a day. Open from October to June. G. ECKHARDT, Proprietor.

**SHIP RESTAURANT, 45, Charing Cross, Whitehall.** Also entrance in Spring Gardens. Newly Decorated. Transformed into an Up-to-date Restaurant. 1s. 6d. Lunch, and à la Carte. 2s. 6d. and 3s. Dinners. Real Turtle every Thursday and Sunday. A Grand 1s. 6d. Supper, consisting of Consommé en Tasse, Sole, Whitebait, or Omelette, Grilled Kidney and Bacon, Cutlets, or Viande Froide, Potatoes, Ice, Cheese and Celery. Open on Sunday from 1 till 3. Telephone, 274 Victoria. R. PRATT, Proprietor.

Sixteenth Edition. Cloth, 1s. 6d.; Paper Cover, 1s. Of all Booksellers.

**THE DIETETIC CURE OF OBESITY** ("FOODS FOR THE FAT.")

By N. E. YORKE-DAVIES, Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, London, &c.

Part I.—Contents: Evils of Corpulency; Dangerous Conditions due to Corpulency, such as Weak Heart, Dropsy, Apoplexy, Gout, &c.; Diet the only Safe and Permanent Cure at Any Age; Quack Medicines, Acids, Purgatives, dangerous and useless. Evils of Over-eating and Sedentary Habits; Food in its Relation to Work, Exercise, &c. &c.  
Parts II., III., IV., V.—Dietetics of Obesity; Stimulants in Corpulency and Gout; Exercise, &c.

#### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE QUEEN says—"The advice contained in this book will be invaluable."

THE LADY says—"The very best book on corpulency that has ever been written."

LADY'S PICTORIAL says—"A most comprehensive and useful little book. I strongly recommend it to fat people."

LONDON: CHATTO & WINDUS, 111, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.

**BASSANO, LIMITED,**  
ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHERS,  
25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THE BASSANO STUDIOS have a World-wide Reputation for the Excellence of their Work.

A COMPETENT STAFF OF ARTISTS can be despatched at a moment's notice to Any Part of the Country for Indoor or Outdoor Photography.

MINIATURES ON IVORY AND PORTRAITS IN OIL AND PASTEL A SPECIALITY.

Their Cosway, Romney, and Gainsborough Portraits are World-Famous.

PRICE LIST POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

TELEPHONE: 1552 GERRARD.

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS JANUARY 7.

SPECIAL DOUBLE NUMBER.

# THE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR.

*Unique Photographs and Sketches.*

THE  
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS  
JANUARY 7.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.

### COUPON TICKET.

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

**OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd.,**  
36 TO 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

### INSURANCE TICKET.

(Applicable to Passengers Trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who at the time of such accident had upon his person, or had left at home, this ticket, attached or detached, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

Jan. 4, 1905.

Signature.....





## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE January visit of the King and Queen to Chatsworth has become one of their Majesties' annual pleasures. A close friendship unites the Sovereign and his Consort with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and the latter's wonderful gifts as a hostess are never shown to such an advantage as when she is entertaining a Royal house-party in the Palace of the Peak. The Prince of Wales's Irish visit is interesting, owing to the fact that it

will be the first time His Royal Highness will have made alone what may be called a State sojourn in the Emerald Isle. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are going for a cruise in the Mediterranean, and their only son, Prince Arthur, will represent the British Court at several Continental functions.

### *Some Marriages of 1905.*

There are likely to be some interesting weddings in the near future, for several new engagements have just been announced. Of these, perhaps the most notable are those of two widowed Peeresses—that of Lady Magheramorne, Lord Shaftesbury's sister, to the Hon. Hugo Baring, the youngest brother of Lord Revelstoke; and that of Dorothy, Lady Cantelupe, to Captain D. G. Jeffreys, of the Grenadier Guards. Lady Dean Paul's lovely sister, Miss Henriette Wieniawski, becomes Mrs. Joseph Loring, wife of one of the greatest American millionaires. Engagements tend to become shorter and shorter, and both February and March will see many smart weddings, including, it is said, that of the German Crown Prince.

### *A Popular "M.P." Married.*

Mr. George Harwood, who has just been married for the second time, is one of the most popular men in the House of Commons. Although he sits on the Radical side, he laughs at some Radical fads, and he delights all parties by his racy, jocular speeches, which are in keeping with his humorous, jovial face. Mr. Harwood was educated for the Church, and for three years served as a Deacon (unpaid) at St. Ann's, Manchester. Subsequently he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn. For a considerable period, however, he has been the head of a firm of cotton-spinners in Bolton, the town which he represents. His first wife died ten years ago.

### *Engagement of an "M.P."*

Mr. John Dewar, the Member for Inverness-shire, is following the example of Mr. Harwood and is engaged to be married the second time. He is forty-eight—eight years older than his brother, Sir Thomas Dewar, who represents St. George's-in-the-East and who is still a bachelor. Mr. Dewar, the elder brother, is head of the famous whisky firm. He is a Liberal and has been Lord Provost of Perth. Sir Thomas, on the other hand, is a Conservative, and has been more directly associated with London, serving as Sheriff in 1897-8. There is not the only case of brothers sitting on opposite sides of the House. The Leader of the Opposition himself is confronted by his brother, Mr. J. A. Campbell, one of the steadiest of Conservatives. Another Scotch family, the Wasons, was formerly divided, but Mr. Cathcart has crossed to Mr. Eugene's side among the Liberals. The Fiscal Question has, however, divided the Seelys, the eldest brother remaining on the Unionist side, while the Major has joined the Opposition.

### *Another "M.P." Dead.*

The death-roll of the House of Commons for 1904 was heavy. Eleven members ended the labours of life during that period. Most of them were over sixty, but Mr. Wingfield-Digby, whose name has just

been added to the death-roll, was only forty-five. Mr. Wingfield-Digby did not make twelve speeches during the twelve years he was in Parliament. His silence, however, may have been counted to him as a merit, seeing that so many other members insisted on speaking so often. Moreover, during the greater part of his career he sat behind a friendly Government and voted for them regularly. Mr. Wingfield-Digby was a county gentleman of very old family, and had interests not only in Dorset, part of which he represented, but also in Warwick and Somerset.

### *Lady Chelsea.*

The wife of Lord Cadogan's eldest son and heir is herself a member of a family long honoured with the personal friendship of both the King and Queen, for Lady Chelsea was one of the daughters of the late Lord Alington. One of four beautiful sisters who all lived to be happily married, but of whom only three now survive, the Hon. Mildred Sturt's marriage to Viscount Chelsea was among the great social events of 1892, and took place in the same year as the second marriage of the bride's father. Lady Chelsea soon took her place among the more important younger hostesses in Society, and she has often helped her mother-in-law to do the honours, first of the Viceregal Lodge in Dublin, and then of Chelsea House and Culford Hall, to Royal personages. Lady Chelsea is the mother of five little daughters and of a baby son and heir, the King's godson, who was born a little over a year ago and whose birth caused the greatest rejoicings in the neighbourhood of Culford Hall. One of Lady Chelsea's sisters is our Ambassador to St. Petersburg.



LADY CHELSEA.

*After the Painting by Edward Hughes.*



*An Artist's Artist.* Mr. Brangwyn is one of those fortunate painters whose work excites enthusiasm among his own fellows. Curiously enough, he was a sailor before he became a painter, and he was, perhaps, lucky in escaping the influence of any



MR. FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.

Photograph by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.

special school, for his master—if master he can be said to have had—was simply and solely the late William Morris. Mr. Brangwyn was actually born in that most poetic of Continental towns, Bruges; but he is a Londoner bred, if not born, and this in spite of the fact that no man of his age knows more of the mysterious Near East, as those familiar with his work will easily realise. Mr. Brangwyn, who has not long been able to put the mystic letters "A.R.A." after his name, is happy in his home, for he has set up his household gods in one of the most delightful houses in Hammersmith. He is a great worker, and does not confine himself to any one type of artistic creative labour. In France he has won the widest possible recognition, and French artists often go to study his picture, "Trade On the Beach," which now hangs in the Luxembourg Gallery; but perhaps the most remarkable of his paintings is that which shows "Queen Elizabeth Going Aboard the *Golden Hind*."

*The Leading Lady of "The Playhouse."*

Mrs. Cyril Maude, like so many modern actresses, is known to the public almost as well by her married name as by that of "Miss Winifred Emery," and it may be doubted if any modern actress has won a surer place for herself in the hearts of the playgoing public. The leading lady of "The Playhouse"—and it is said that she herself chose the clever name of what one hopes will be one of the most successful of twentieth-century playhouses—made her *début* at the early age of eight. She comes of one of the oldest theatrical families in the kingdom, her great-grandfather having been a noted eighteenth-century player, while her own father, Sam Emery, was the best "Dickens" actor of his day. Mrs. Cyril Maude has suffered during the last two years from much illness, but she is now completely restored to health, and is looking forward with intense delight to her forthcoming appearance in the beautiful new theatre where she and Mr. Cyril Maude will soon start management. As all those interested in the theatrical world are well aware, Mrs. Cyril Maude is the devoted mother of charming children, and, in spite of her passionate devotion to her profession, is essentially wife and mother, as well as actress.

*The Pope's Return-Ticket.*

Like every good Venetian, Pope Pius X. always looks back with longing to his life in the City of the Lagoons, and among the minor treasures which he preserves is the return-half of the ticket which he took when he went from Venice to Rome to vote with the College of Cardinals for the successor to Leo XIII. Naturally enough, Cardinal Sarto never dreamed that he would be elected to the Chair of St. Peter, and, as the ticket is now useless, Pope Pius keeps it as a reminder that he must one day visit Venice again. Perhaps the Pope's home-sickness for his native province will, after all, be the main factor in the abolition of that absurd anachronism, the "Prisoner of the Vatican" legend.

*Napoleon's Villa.*

The house which Napoleon I. occupied when he was exiled to Elba will, it is said in the island, shortly become the property of the Queen. Some years ago, when the King and Queen, then Prince and Princess of Wales, were cruising in the Mediterranean, Her Majesty landed at Elba and took a great fancy to the house in which the great Napoleon lived. She soon afterwards entered into negotiations for its purchase, but the owner refused to part with it at any price. Now, however, it is said that all difficulties have been overcome and that the Queen will shortly take possession of the house. The people of Elba add, the wish being evidently father to the thought, that the Queen will spend several months of each year in the island.

*The King of Spain's Marriage.*

The recent official announcement made by the Ministry for Foreign Affairs in Madrid, to the effect that the Duke of Connaught will shortly visit the capital of Spain, has revived the reports of King Alfonso's forthcoming marriage which were started when it was known that he was to visit London, Berlin, and Vienna. The first bride assigned to the young King by popular rumour was his cousin, the daughter of the Infanta de la Paz and Prince Louis Ferdinand of Bavaria; the next was a daughter or a niece of the Kaiser; later on, it was an Austrian Archduchess, and, finally, the younger daughter of the Duke of Connaught, who was very popular with the Madrilenos when he represented the King at the coming-of-age of King Alfonso. The Madrid papers would much like to see the Princess of Connaught their Queen, and all regret that she is not a Roman Catholic. But Spanish marriages have seldom brought luck to England.

*Evelyn, Lady Alington.*

The youthful-looking step-mother of the present Lord Alington was, before her marriage, one of the most charming-looking girls in the London world of the early 'nineties, and the engagement of Miss "Evy" Leigh with the first Lord Alington was quite the sensation of the year in which it took place. The gallant bridegroom, who was something like forty years older than his lovely bride, gave her some remarkable presents, of which perhaps the most notable was a wonderful sable cloak, while a parure of turquoises also excited the wonder and envy of her friends. The marriage turned out exceedingly well, and the late Lord Alington and his young wife entertained many memorable house-parties at Crichel, the beautiful Dorset estate where the King and Queen are shortly expected to pay the new Peer a visit. Evelyn Lady Alington's greatest interest in the place centred in



EVELYN, LADY ALINGTON.

Photograph by Esmé Collings, Bond Street, W.

the lovely gardens, to which she devoted a great deal of her time; particularly wonderful being the collection of violet-beds, which actually included one where were only grown yellow violets—a gardening innovation.



*A Royal Tradeswoman.*

There must be magic in the name of William, or its feminine equivalent, when it is borne by Royal personages, a magic that leads its owner into the entanglements of trade. The Kaiser Wilhelm's business interests have already been mentioned in this journal: now we learn, on the authority of "*T. P.'s*," that the young Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is steadily building up a milk and butter connection in the neighbourhood of her Palace of Het Loo. Not only this, but she is making it pay. It now remains to be seen whether her subjects will object, as the German Emperor's have done, at this regal competition. Possibly, however, the butter is something more than an article of commerce, and will be used politically at the forthcoming Peace Conference at The Hague! Terrible thought: can the Kaiser's bricks be intended for the same occasion?

*Lady Dorothy Coventry.*

The daughters of Lord and Lady Coventry are all enthusiastic sportswomen; they have been riders to hounds from early childhood, and the eldest of the group, Lady Barbara, is the wife of the Master of the Croome Hunt. Lady Dorothy Coventry comes between Lady Barbara Dudley Smith and Princess Victor Duleep Singh, and, being single, she has more time to devote to her favourite form of sport. In the Croome country she is regarded as the most brilliant horsewoman belonging

to her brother-in-law's famous Hunt, and her thoroughbred, rejoicing in the quaint name of "Sixpenny," is noted all over that stretch of country as an exceptionally clever hunter. Croome Court, the principal seat of Lord Coventry, is famed for its works of art as well as for its sporting associations. The lovely gardens in which Lady Coventry and her daughters take a just pride were laid out by the noted "Capability" Brown. Lady Dorothy inherits her name from her famous collateral ancestress, Lady Dorothy Pakington, who was the reputed author of "*The Whole Duty of Man*." All the ladies of this popular family take a very keen interest in the South Worcestershire branch of the Needlework Guild, and they prove—if



LADY DOROTHY COVENTRY, AN ENTHUSIASTIC SPORTSWOMAN.

*Photograph by Langflier, Old Bond Street, W.*

proof were needed—that it is quite possible for even the most enthusiastic of sportswomen to be feminine as regards their other tastes and avocations.

*The New American Ambassador to Great Britain.*

The Hon. Whitelaw Reid, who is officially announced to replace Mr. Choate as American Ambassador to Great Britain, is by no means a stranger to the officialdom of this country. He it was who represented the United States on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of Victoria the Good; and he it was, also, who acted as Special Ambassador for his Government at the coronation ceremonies of Edward the Arbitrator. Born in Ohio in the year of the late Queen's accession, of parents who were amongst the pioneers from Kentucky and Vermont, Mr. Reid is of Scotch Covenantan descent, and, as befits one who takes office under President Roosevelt, has led the life strenuous. Journalist, soldier, and politician, he edited a weekly newspaper in his own country for some two years; was then Captain and Volunteer Aide-de-Camp on the staffs of Majors-General Thomas A. Morris and W. S. Rosecrans in the first campaigns of the Civil War; and acted as military correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette* at the Pittsburg landing, at Second Bull Run, at Gettysburg, and elsewhere. 1863 found him Clerk of the Military Committee at the House of Representatives, of which he afterwards became Librarian. A spell as a cotton-planter in Louisiana then preceded his appointment to the editorial staff of the *New York Tribune*, of which he is now proprietor and editor. For three years—from 1889 till 1892—he was United States Minister to France; he was Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1892; and was one of the Commissioners at the Paris Conference for the Treaty of Peace between the United States and Spain. He may, without fear of contradiction, be termed a Clubman, for he is a member of no less than seventeen Clubs.

*Our Prettiest Princess.*

Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein is considered by many people the prettiest member of the charming group of Princesses born and bred in this country. Her Royal Highness has now lived in London for some years; she has a pretty house in South Kensington, and treads



PRINCESS LOUISE AUGUSTA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

*Photograph by Bullingham.*

Princess often pays a visit to the beautiful Welsh home of Mr. and Lady Florentia Hughes.

*Rumours and Commands.*

The bald statement issued by the Admiralty that Rear-Admiral William Henry May, M.V.O., had been appointed to succeed the Right Hon. Lord Charles William De la Poer Beresford, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., in the command of the Atlantic Fleet, when his Lordship had only been gazetted to the position for a few days, gave rise to some ordinary and some very extraordinary rumours. All is well, however. Lord Charles is merely promoted, and will take the place of Sir Compton Domville on the Mediterranean Station, which makes him Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Navy.

*The King's Physician.*

Sir Francis Laking, with his intelligent, shrewd face and look of benevolence, is the beau-ideal of the great physician who trusts more to fresh air and to hygiene than to drugs and specifics. None of the many distinguished doctors who hold an official position with reference to the Royal Family had so varied a training, for Sir Francis as a young man studied the art of healing on the Continent as well as at St. George's Hospital. To his patients, whether they be of the most exalted rank or belonging to the humblest strata of society, he always preaches moderation in all things, and especially, be it observed, in the matter of eating and drinking. Sir Francis has been singularly fortunate in his only son, Mr. Guy Laking, who is a most distinguished connoisseur, and who has now been for some time the King's Armourer. It is said that the late Empress Frederick first noticed the young man's wonderful intuitive knowledge of art, old and new, and that it was Her Imperial Majesty who persuaded the King's favourite physician to allow the lad to follow the artistic bent which has brought him fame and fortune.

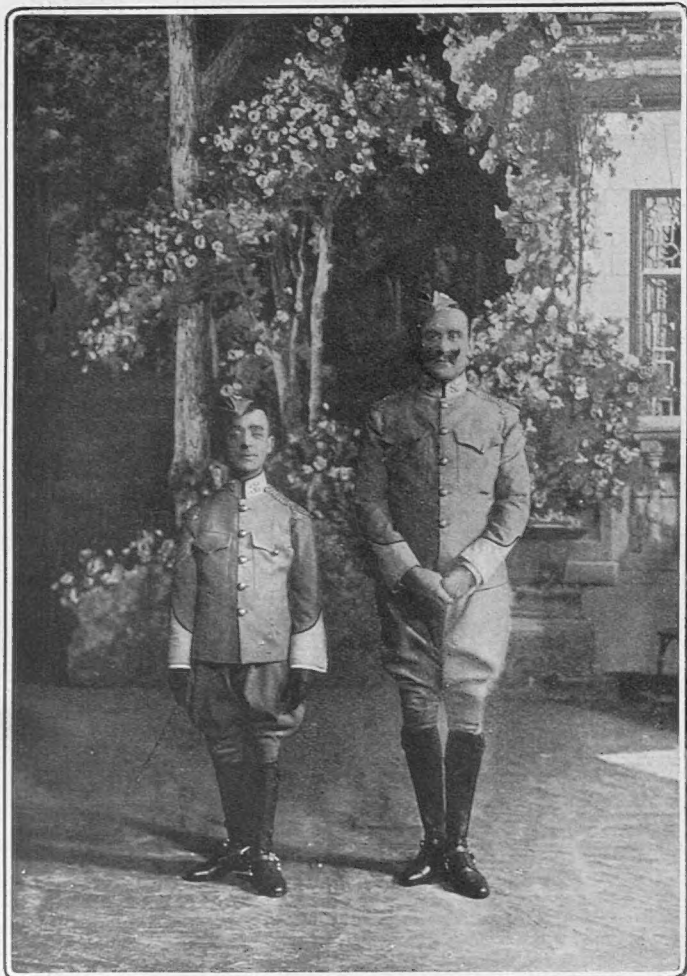


SIR FRANCIS LAKING, PHYSICIAN TO THE KING.

*Photograph by Russell, Baker Street, W.*



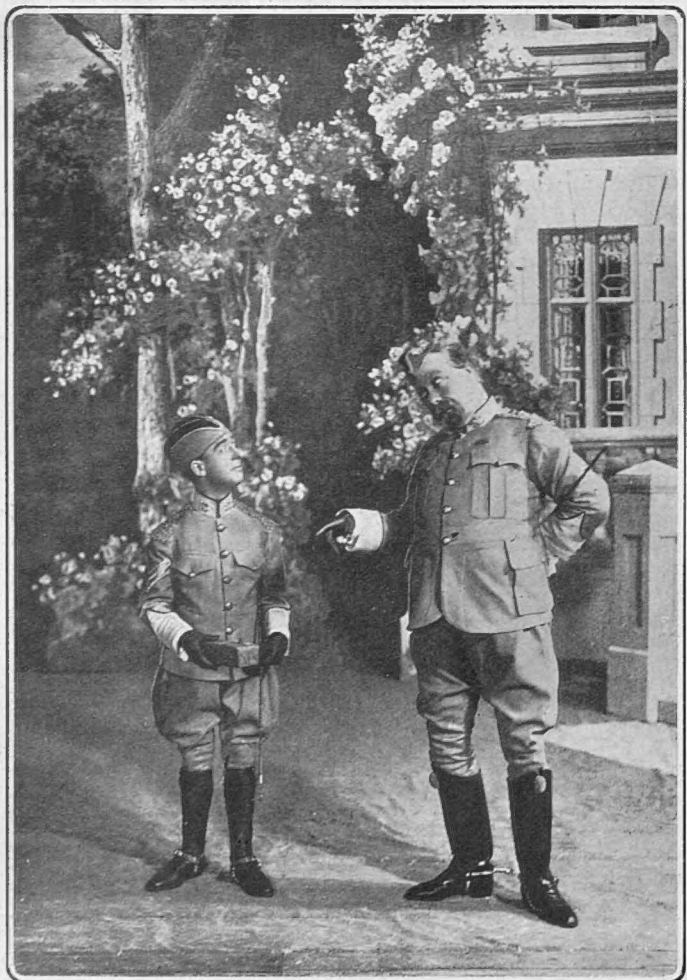
"LADY MADCAP," THE NEW MUSICAL PLAY AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.



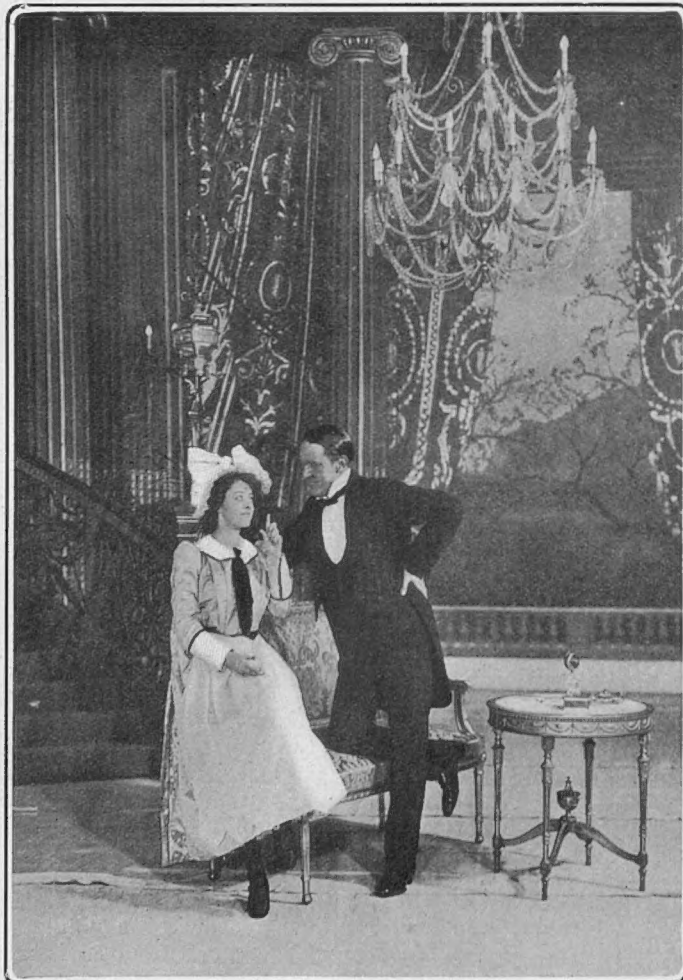
CORPORAL HAM (MR. GEORGE CARROLL) AND TROOPER SMITH (MR. G. P. HUNTLEY) ARRIVE AT EGBERT CASTLE.



LADY MADCAP (MISS ADRIENNE AUGARDE), HAVING BEEN IMPRISONED IN HER ROOM BY HER FATHER, ESCAPES IN ORDER TO MEET TROOPER SMITH.



CORPORAL HAM, WHO IS IN CHARGE OF TROOPER SMITH, GETS INTO TROUBLE WITH HIS COLONEL (MR. LEEDHAM BANTOCK).



TROOPER SMITH, NOW DISGUISED AS THE BUTLER, PROPOSES TO LADY MADCAP AND IS ACCEPTED.



"LADY MADCAP," THE NEW MUSICAL PLAY AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.



LADY MADCAP INTRODUCES THE NEW BUTLER TO HER STAID FRIEND (MISS DELIA MASON).



A DAINTY NUMBER AT THE BEGINNING OF THE FIRST ACT.

*Photographs by the Stage Publishing Company.*

## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.



"MY MORNING PAPER."

A STUDY BY REGINALD PANNETT.

I NOTE that there is a proposal in one quarter of the United States to institute the whipping-post for wife-beaters, and several prominent citizens of the Columbia district have expressed their approval of the idea. Only the names and occupations of these supporters are given, so we are left to guess whether they are widowers or bachelors. At the same time, it is clear that the district referred to has been stricken with one of the periodical fits of righteousness that seize upon the Anglo-Saxon race. Really, Great Britain is the only home of the free. I read in my morning paper some few days ago that a gentleman living somewhere in London's slums had knocked out several of his wife's teeth. When the case came to the Police Court, the poor fellow explained that his partner for life had bought a herring for his supper from the wrong stall or shop. As the magistrate could not appreciate the full extent of the woman's offence, the husband is doing time for undue exercise of his marital rights, but had he been in Columbia under the new dispensation the whipping-post might have been requisitioned. Then the humanitarians would have held an indignation-meeting, and we should have been told that the whipping-post degrades all who are tied to it to the level of mere brute beasts. I always think that the brute creation is very severely handled, even by humanitarians.

#### A Rival to Monte Carlo.

From time to time I read of well-considered plans to deprive the Principality of Monaco of its great attractions and the Society that runs the Casino of some considerable portion of its profits. A few years ago, it was the beautiful palace at Corfu beloved of the ex-Empress of Austria that was to serve the *élite* of the world's gamblers. One heard, too, of a plan to establish big yachts just beyond the three-mile limit and set up gaming-hells on the high seas. The very latest rumour declared that there was to be a Casino on the territory of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, and the Legislative Chamber of the

Grand Duchy has just declared that no powers will be granted for such an establishment. At the same time, it is common knowledge that a much-moneyed Syndicate does exist and is busy looking out for a place where men with heaps of money and no sense may come within the field of operations of the men who have heaps of sense and very little money. It is quite unlikely that Monte Carlo will remain for long unchallenged by the Syndicate.

#### Why Not Constantinople?

If I were a member of the Company, I should approach Abdul Hamid II., Padishah, Prince of True Believers, Father of the Faithful, the Lofty Portal, the Exalted Presence, the Sublime Porte, and the rest of it. He has some valuable rights to dispose of among the Mediterranean Islands and is desperately hard-up. He is trying hard to hasten the advent of universal peace by collecting a few cruisers and torpedo-boats and by adding to his really excellent artillery. The French and German bankers to whom he turns in his distress are driving hard bargains and squeezing big concessions. Your true money-lender would blush to demand from a mere man what a wealthy bank demands from an impecunious State. If a Syndicate would come forward and give Abdul Hamid what the "Society of Sea-Baths" pays the Prince of Monaco, he could restore his damaged credit and play Creusot off against Krupp until he secured his additional armaments at fair market-price. In these days the journey to the Padishah's extensive dominions is by no means uncomfortable. The service to

Constantinople from London by way of Vienna and Bucharest is really excellent, and the climate of the Cypress City is most invigorating. Moreover, it has possibilities as a sporting centre that very few Britons know anything about. I have tested them with great pleasure and profit.

#### Regicides and the Press.

Queen of Servia. Among the people who can hardly have enjoyed Christmas one must include the officers and gentlemen who murdered the late King and It seems that certain Opposition papers have taken occasion to suggest that the regicides should be handed over to the police, and the regicides, naturally enough, consider that bygones should be regarded as bygones and that it is ungentlemanly and inconsiderate to rake up old scandals. The *Opposita* is the Belgrade organ that gives the most trouble, and the regicides have felt compelled to suppress it. They would, doubtless, be pleased to suppress the editor too, but that wily man, having no faith in murderers, however highly placed, has retired into Hungary and sends his editorial thunder through the post.

#### The Position of France.

Pity the friendly and allied nation! After arranging all matters with Great Britain, France has cried to Morocco, "Come and be penetrated pacifically," and Morocco remains coy and will not come. Now we hear tall talk of naval demonstrations and of threats to withdraw French Consular officers from Fez and to keep M. Taillandier at his Legation in Tangier. Unfortunately, the departure of the lesser officials from the Moorish capital will give more pleasure than distress to the Moors, and everybody who knows Morocco realises that M. Taillandier is not going to see the Sultan at Court, because, to put it politely, the tribes are out, and no measure of effective protection can be guaranteed. So our friendly neighbour sees that the Moor remains as hard a nut to crack as he was in the days of Mulai Ismail.

A TRUE STORY OF THE RECENT FOG.

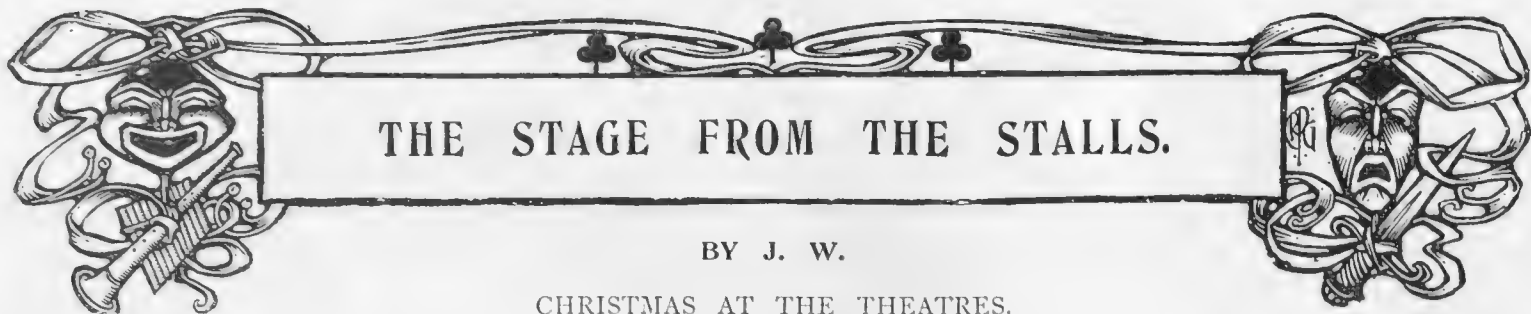


"Hullo, old man! Sending off New Year's Cards?"

"No fear! Wife can't find the shops this weather, so we had the happy idea of shopping by post, and now I'm blest if I can find the pillar-box!"

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY J. W.

### CHRISTMAS AT THE THEATRES.

TWICE has the stage produced a real thrill this winter, and, as this happens so very seldom, perhaps I may be pardoned for indulging in an enthusiasm which, on maturer reflection, may seem a little extravagant. It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Barrie leads the way; that Mr. Laurence Housman (Mr. Granville Barker with him, as they say in Courts of Law) runs him fairly close is a fact on which I should like to insist, as it would not, apparently, be very generally admitted. I am comforted to find that one critic has stated that "Prunella," at the Royal Court Theatre, may depend upon the mood in which you approach it, for, though many seem to have thought it tedious, to me it was a continual delight. It has a fascinating simplicity, a quaint, old-world formality of diction cunningly blended with little touches of modernity: an old, old story treated with the freshness of originality, as all old stories can be when a poet puts his hand to it. Mr. Housman is a poet, whether he writes in prose or verse; and he has breathed the spirit of pure poetry into this idyll of innocence fluttering out into the gay world and creeping back with broken wing—to die, I think it should be; but, perhaps, the play is not so serious that it will not bear its happy ending. As an opera, it would, it is true, do excellently, but not a comic opera with occasional tune songs; it might be something after the fashion of "Ib and Little Christina," and Mr. Joseph Moorat would clearly, from the quality of his incidental music, be the man to write it. But I do not think it would be improved; I should be sorry to exchange Mr. Barker's Pierrot and Miss Thyrza Norman's Prunella for the conventional (and probably portly) tenor and soprano.

"Mothers, keep your windows open: the babies that you thought were dead have only flown away to join the little-birds, not wanting to grow up; they may come back and beat in vain against the panes." That is the root-idea of "Peter Pan." Did the hygienic qualities of fresh air suggest it, as the value of moderation in diet suggested "Little Mary"? And what other homely text will be illuminated in Mr. Barrie's next discourse? "There's ideas come into that mon's heid that wad never ha' come into mine," as was justly said of Wully Shakspeare. And, though in "Peter Pan" they did not come in such crowds as they came in "The Admirable Crichton," there are enough of them to make it the most fascinating little play that one could ever wish to see. What is not a burlesque in it of youthful literature is a disquisition on motherly-love in Mr. Barrie's most irresistible manner: the love of a mother for her children, and of a child for the other children of whom she is placed in charge. There never was so charming and humorous a picture of a family circle; the family name, "Darling," in itself suggests charm, and no student of the reports of breach-of-promise cases needs to be reminded how closely it is associated with humour. I should myself have liked the home element to be more prominent through the whole play, with the fairies superadded, so that we might have studied the influence of fairies in real life; a more elaborate working out of the idea suggested by Mr. Basil Hood in "The Princess of Kensington," such as one rather expected from the connection of "Peter Pan" with "The Little White Bird." But it is no matter; and it is again no matter that in the history of the marvellous adventures in the Never Never Land (which borders, as I see from the map, on Kingsley's country, The Other End of Nowhere) there are certain passages not on the same level as their surroundings. Anybody to whom Mr. Barrie is the man of magic will hardly notice his curious habit of dropping occasionally to earth: in "Peter Pan" it shows itself chiefly at those times when something has to be kept going while the scenery is being changed. There is, therefore, some excuse; and the drop is not serious. It will not shake the faith of audiences who will find themselves, in response to a passionate appeal from Peter Pan, rapturously proclaiming their belief in fairies, a belief whose foundation is now laid by Mr. Barrie on solid philosophic ground. The thing is obvious: if you believe, they are; if you don't, they die; if you never did, they never were born. And if, in the company of Miss Nina Boucicault and

Miss Hilda Trevelyan, you aren't almost persuaded to believe for three hours, there is no help for you. \_\_\_\_\_

Now we have to come down. There are three kinds of Christmas entertainment: (a) Those expressed to be for nobody in particular; (b) those expressed to be for children and being for children; (c) those

expressed to be for children, and being—shall we say, *sub judice*? Of class (a) there is "Peggy Machree," at Wyndham's. As an attempt to tell a story when writing an opera it is laudable; but the story told is thin and artless. Surely there never was a light opera which relied so entirely upon two persons. As these two persons happen in this case to be Miss Marie Dainton and Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, perhaps it was well to rely on them. Miss Dainton danced and sang most charmingly, and Mr. O'Sullivan was in splendid voice. Sometimes they sang separately, sometimes together, and sometimes with the support of the chorus, which, when necessary, trooped on to the stage; and when it is considered that it was only in the first Act that there was any approach to dramatic effect at all, and that there was hardly ever any connection between the songs and the plot except that both were, or claimed to be, Irish (and even that not always), it will be seen that the pleasantness of the evening was the measure of their success. It is an excellent concert with a picturesque background, in which the gentle humour of Mr. J. Graeme Campbell plays a valuable part.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MISS WINIFRED EMERY (MRS. CYRIL MAUDE), WHO WILL SHORTLY RETURN TO THE STAGE. (SEE PAGE 414.)  
Taken by C. Vandyk.

"Little Black Sambo," at the Garrick, is for children and ought to do. It is, it is true, another example of the play without a plot; but there are characters from what are, I am told, popular children's books, and a number of extremely clever people to interpret them. Miss Iris Hawkins, a very small child with perfect naturalness and self-possession, and yet not too excessive precocity, will probably be voted the heroine of the day; but she, as she has to be taught to be merry, spends all the second Act merely looking on at a kind of nigger entertainment. Miss Nellie Bowman's performance as Black Sambo, brought in to cheer up White Barbara, is unusually clever; Miss Madge Titheradge dances beautifully; Mr. Frank Lawton whistles like an angel; and the chorus would be all delightful little girls if only they were not painted black. Why not pretend to be niggers? Mr. Tom Gallon's "Lady Jane's Christmas Party" is a highly seasonable and a very pleasantly written little "episode," suggesting (at some considerable distance away) "Op o' Me Thumb." At the Royalty we have a revival of Mr. Philip Carr's "Snowdrop and the Seven Little Men," with Miss Grace Arundale passing prettily through the terrible adventures in the fairy wood, and Miss Irene Rooke stern and beautiful once more as the wicked Queen, while in Lady Bell's simple version of "Rumpelstiltskin" a number of children manage to be extremely funny—usually funnier than they intend to be.

And, finally, Drury Lane: That it has suffered much tribulation during the past year comes out in endless jokes at the expense of the County Council. These difficulties it appears to have surmounted in triumph; they have, at any rate, not prevented it from emerging in all its glory on Boxing Night with an entertainment some two and a-half times as long as it need be, and of all the old magnificence and lavish splendour. I only saw one ballet, "The Fairy Orchard," but it was beautiful enough to make me half-desirous of being present till two o'clock a.m. to see the others. The other notable features are Miss Marie George, who is always delightful, and the humorous element which is sometimes (or was, a week ago) otherwise. Mr. Harry Randall has a great deal of it to himself now, as Mr. Welch is not at home in this particular class of work, though he manages at times to be funny in his own way, which is not Drury Lane's way; and it certainly had never occurred to me that Mr. Harry Randall could be claimed as an ideal nursery entertainer. But let us not conceal material evidence: there was a small boy who screamed with laughter through it all. I did not sympathise with his tastes—but there it is.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION: SOME PRETTY PLAYERS OF THE LYRIC STAGE.



MISS OLIVE MAY, PLAYING IN "THE ORCHID,"  
AT THE GAIETY.



MISS BILLIE BURKE, WHO HAS SAILED FOR AMERICA  
WITH "THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC" COMPANY.



MISS MINNIE BAKER, PLAYING IN "THE ORCHID,"  
AT THE GAIETY.



MISS HILDA ANTONY, PLAYING MAID MARIAN IN "RED  
RIDING-HOOD," AT THE KING'S, HAMMERSMITH.

*Photographs by Johnston and Hoffmann.*

## BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

AT the present moment—on the eve, as it were, of the Prince of Wales's visit to the Emerald Isle—it is interesting to recall the fact that no part of the United Kingdom is richer in brave men, fair women, and stately ancestral dwellings than is that portion of the Empire which has been foolishly misnamed the Distressful Country.

Gone are the days of the absentee landlords which did Ireland so much harm in the time when Maria Edgeworth wrote her notable novels, and each winter sees the more famous Irish packs with an increased following of keen sportsmen and sportswomen, and nowadays many a seasoned rider-to-hounds deserts Leicestershire in order to enjoy what the late Empress of Austria declared to be the best hunting country in Europe.

It has been said, and truly, that every Irishman, whether he be Orangeman or Home Ruler, Peer or peasant, is a born sportsman, equally at home in the saddle or out with rod and gun. This fact is strikingly exemplified in the person of that most popular of younger Irish Peers, Lord Louth, for the owner of Louth Hall is distinguished even amongst sport-loving Irishmen by his versatility in this respect, and it may be said that every manly, open-air exercise has in him an enthusiastic supporter. He is a capital shot, a good polo-player, a sound bat at cricket, and so expert a fisherman that no household that depended on his rod need fear to go hungry.

Lady Louth, though of half-French birth, shares her husband's love of outdoor life, and as a girl she served her apprenticeship as a sportswoman with the Biarritz Hounds. Now each winter sees her constantly out with the Louth Harriers, a famous pack which hunts the rolling grasslands of Ardee surrounding her beautiful home, Louth Hall.

Louth Hall is one of the most charming properties in the county from which it takes its name, and there Lord and Lady Louth dispense during each hunting season a kindly hospitality to their many friends, who include sportsmen and sportswomen of very various nationalities, for the mistress of Louth Hall was, before her marriage, Miss Eugénie de Miarrizze Bellairs, a daughter of Captain Edmund Hooke Wilson Bellairs, British Vice-Consul at Biarritz.

The fine rooms of her Irish home bear eloquent testimony to Lady Louth's exquisite taste and to her love of beautiful things, as do also the beautiful grounds, of which a prominent feature is a grotto where coolness may be enjoyed on the hottest summer day. Both husband and wife are devoted to animals, and their hunters are famed far beyond the confines of the local Hunt. Some time ago, Lord and Lady Louth were won over by the charms of motoring, but this is their summer form of amusement, and, once the winter sets in, they come

back with enthusiasm to that national sport of fox-hunting which deserves so much more than does racing the proud title of "the Sport of Kings." In the matter of fox-hunting, County Louth has great traditions, and to veteran Irish riders-to-hounds the country round Ardee is filled with memories of Mr. Filgate, of Lord Gormanston, of George Portland, and of many another Nimrod of the past.

Lord Louth, who is still on the sunny side of forty, belongs to that great clan of Plunketts who spell their name with two "t's," and so he has a common ancestor with the Earl of Fingall and the Barons Dunsany in John Plunkett, who was seated in County Louth towards the end of the eleventh century.

The Barony of Louth is in itself more than three hundred and fifty years old, and the present Peer is the fourteenth holder of his ancient title. It is a curious and interesting fact that the subject of our sketch was born on board his father's yacht, the *Pilgrim*, when she was lying off Dieppe, and he belongs, therefore, to the Parish of Stepney, for, by ancient usage, all British subjects born at sea are considered to have been born there! The curious circumstance of his birth was commemorated at the then future Lord Louth's christening, when he was given the name of Randal *Pilgrim* Ralph.

Although the Louth title was created by King Henry VIII., this branch of the Plunkett family has always remained faithful to the old religion, and Lord Louth can look back to happy school-days spent at Oscott, in the days of his boyhood one of the most famous of Roman Catholic schools.

On leaving Oscott he followed the example of most elder sons and obtained his Lieutenant's commission in the Militia Battalion of the "Springers"—as the Wiltshire Regiment is familiarly named—and exchanged later into the 3rd and 4th Battalions of the Man-

chester Regiment. Lord Louth succeeded to the title on the death of his father in 1883, and seven years later he sent in his papers on his marriage.

During the last fourteen years the young Irish Peer has spent most of his time on his Irish property, which consists of some five thousand acres, and which is, as we have seen, ideally situated to be the home of so enthusiastic a sportsman as is the owner of Louth Hall.

Lord and Lady Louth's love for Ireland and devotion to her sporting interests are fully shared by their two children, a daughter and a son and heir, aged respectively thirteen and twelve; and the affection with which they are regarded in the little town of Ardee, near which Louth Hall is situated, shows the place which one Irish Peer-landlord has known how to win for himself in the hearts of his tenants and fellow-countrymen.



LORD AND LADY LOUTH AT LOUTH HALL, ARDEE, CO. LOUTH.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.

XLIII.—LOUTH HALL, CO. LOUTH, THE SEAT OF LORD AND LADY LOUTH.



LOUTH HALL, ARDEE, CO. LOUTH.



THE GROTTTO.

*Photographs by Lafayette, Dublin.*

*The Fantastic Side of Things. Pictured by H. C. Sandy.*



A CIRCUS VISITS OUR VILLAGE.

*The Fantastic Side of Things. Pictured by H. C. Sandy.*



A Dutch Removal



## TWO SCENES FROM "LITTLE WHITE BARBARA," AT THE GARRICK.



Little White Barbara (Miss Iris Hawkins).

Plantagenet (Mr. Webb Darleigh).

THE MUCH-PETTED BARBARA TAKES BREAKFAST WITH HER OLD AUNTS. HER LACK OF APPETITE NECESSITATES A DOSE OF MEDICINE.



Dr. Funnyman (Mr. Leonard Calvert).

DOCTOR FUNNYMAN, HOWEVER, IS ABLE TO CURE HER WITHOUT THE AID OF MEDICINE.

*Photographs by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*

TWO SCENES FROM "LITTLE BLACK SAMBO," AT THE GARRICK.



Little Black Sambo (Miss Nellie Bowman).  
SOME OF LITTLE BLACK SAMBO'S EARLY-MORNING VISITORS.



Little Black Sambo. Liza Pompey  
(Miss Madge Titheradge). (Mr. Frank Lawton).

THE GRAND FINALE: LITTLE SAMBO IS PARTICULARLY RESPLENDENT IN A NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES.

*Photographs by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

GEORG BRANDES, the Danish critic and Shaksperian commentator, has written recollections of Taine, Stuart Mill, Renan, Ibsen, and Sudermann. They will be published serially, and afterwards in book form.

One attraction of Dr. Alexander Japp's book on Robert Louis Stevenson, which will be published this month by Mr. Werner Laurie,

will be a number of hitherto unpublished letters. There are still many unpublished letters of Stevenson in existence, including a very remarkable series to a friend in Bournemouth. Dr. Japp used to be well known in literature under his pseudonym, "H. A. Page." It was under this name that he published his standard *Life of De Quincey*. He was also for some time engaged as a publisher, under the title Marshall, Japp, and Co., but the business was bought by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

I am glad to see that Mr. Edmund Downey has in hand a volume of literary *Reminiscences*, to be entitled "Twenty Years Ago." Mr. Downey was asso-



MR. ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS: THE LATEST PORTRAIT.

*Photograph by Beresford.*

ciated in his youth with Mr. William Tinsley, who was in his time one of the leading novel-publishers. Mr. Tinsley's own book of *Recollections* was somewhat disappointing, though there is good matter in it. Mr. Downey afterwards became a publisher on his own account, being a member of the firm of Ward and Downey. But his chief distinction has been gained as an author. Some of his humorous stories have had a great popularity, and if his *Reminiscences* are equally well told they will be most welcome. Why should people postpone the writing of *Reminiscences* till their memory is dim? A man should write his *Reminiscences* between fifty and sixty if he is to write them at all.

Reviewers and people who are supposed to be reviewers have to put up with strange and unreasonable requests. Mrs. Coulson Kernahan writes that a man once came to her saying that his wife's aunt's cousin's bosom-friend had written a novel which he got published by advancing £50 towards expenses. Then followed the request for a good, stirring notice of the book which would make it go. The man added: "It would be a great act of charity if you did this, for to gratify the author may be the means of staving off incipient insanity with which he is threatened."

Mr. Andrew Lang in his pleasing *Causerie in Longman's* protests against the new novels of the season. He complains that they are often dull, often dirty, and that frequently they are both. "They are dismally concerned with the unwholesome amours of idle, underbred people, married and unmarried—even with those of unmarried maids." He complains particularly of Mr. Anthony Hope's "Double Harness," and "bars" the novel of bad characters, idle, brainless, full-fed, lustful maids and matrons with their appropriate males, smart stockbrokers and others who cumber the ground. Hardly anyone, he thinks, except Mr. Stanley Weyman with "The Abbess of Vlaye," is true to the old cause. He sighs for the days of Harrison Ainsworth and "glorious G. P. R. James." I find myself in complete agreement with Mr. Lang when he says that since Mr. Kipling took to writing in a strange slang about machinery he has been of no use to the good old novel reader.

The ablest novel of last season, to my mind, was Mr. Hichens' "The Garden of Allah." It is not written down to the public, but bears on every page the marks of imagination, thought, and purpose. The only criticism that can be passed upon it fairly is that it is

over-written. Mr. Hichens tries to make words do what they were never meant to do in describing subtle and varying emotions. That is not the business of the novel-writer. He has to reveal his characters in conversation and in action. Besides, the drift of the whole book will seem reasonable only to those who are passionately attached to a particular form of religion. But, with all abatements, "The Garden of Allah" seems to me a very fine book. It is on quite a different level from the other productions of Mr. Hichens, clever as these were, and all but entitles him to a place in the scantily filled front-rank.

Miss Gregg, who writes under the pseudonym "Sydney C. Grier," has finished another novel. It is a South American story, entitled "For Triumph or Truth." It describes a revolution in a South American Republic, with an Englishman more or less directing the storm.

That clever artist, Mr. Oliver Herford, has published a parody of FitzGerald's "Omar," rendering the personality of a Persian kitten. The kitten itself in many moods, the birds and mice and gold-fish in which it is interested, the looking-glass which bewilders it, the toothsome sole which tempts it, the fox-terrier which incurs its scorn, the large, forlorn tom-cat which teaches it philosophy, are all skilfully portrayed in words and pictures. A specimen stanza is—

Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
The back-yard fence and heard great argument  
About it and about, yet evermore  
Came out with fewer fur than in I went.

Positively the last adventure of Sherlock Holmes has been published. And how is he to be replaced? In England various preparations are being made, but in the meantime I must keep counsel. In America the mystery serial is to be called "The Golden Flood." The problem to be answered is: Where does the gold come from? The richest man in the world and the President of the greatest New York bank are in despair. Their financial lives hang by a thread. Every Thursday for weeks past a young man has deposited in the bank a cheque representing gold bullion. The first Assay Office cheque was for £20,000, the latest for £2,000,000. He refuses to tell how he got the gold, how much more there is, what he means to do with it. Will he keep on depositing gold until it becomes as cheap as silver? If he does, the news will leak out. Then what will happen to their hoard of gold-bearing bonds—and where does the gold come from?

O. O.

### A LITERARY POLITICIAN.

Mr. George Duckworth, who is principal private secretary to Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is well known in politico-literary circles, where he is much liked. A stepson of the late Sir Leslie Stephen, who married Mrs. Duckworth when her children were comparatively young, his boyhood was spent in the atmosphere of refined culture which always seemed to surround the great critic to whom we owe "The Dictionary of National Biography." And this literary upbringing had the interesting result of turning Mr. Duckworth's brother, Gerald, into a publisher who has already made a distinct place. Mr. George Duckworth recently married Lady Margaret Herbert, sister of Lord Carnarvon and Lady Burghclere, and it is significant of the friendly relations which obtain between the young secretary and his chief that Mr. Austen Chamberlain insisted on performing the duties of "best man" at the wedding.



MR. GEORGE DUCKWORTH,  
PRINCIPAL PRIVATE SECRETARY TO MR. AUSTEN  
CHAMBERLAIN.

*Photograph by Beresford.*



## IN THE "TIMES."

By A. A. MILNE.

GEORGE was quite ready to argue the point. He sat down and lit a cigarette. "Now then, let's be calm," he said.

"I'm quite calm," said the girl.

"Very well, then, why won't you marry me? What's wrong with me?"

"My dear George," said Violet, "I am not like other girls. For any other girl you would make, I am sure, an excellent husband. But the man I marry"—her voice grew more gentle—"must be a hero, a man out of the common, a man whose name is in everybody's mouth." She looked at the photograph of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain that stood on her desk.

"My dear girl!" said George.

Violet gazed earnestly at him. "I like you, George," she said, at last. "When you are famous, I will marry you."

George shifted awkwardly in his seat. "Look here, Vi," he said; "if you want me to go about making speeches all over the place, I'll do it, of course. At the same time—"

"I certainly don't want you to go about making speeches all over the place, as you describe it," Violet interrupted; "there are other ways of being famous."

"I say, what do you call famous? I got my 'blue.'"

"One sign of fame is the frequent appearance of one's name in the papers."

"Saturday *Sportsman*," said George, promptly. "Every week, and again on Mondays. 'Back, G. Hopper.'"

"I don't refer to sporting papers," said Violet, chillingly. "Arthur Clinton has had some signed verses in the morning Press."

"All right," said George; "I'll take to poetry if you like."

"My dear George," said Violet, "don't be so absurd! I only instanced Mr. Clinton as an example. Can't you understand that I want to be the wife of someone? I want to be able to take up the *Times* each morning and read my husband's name in it. I don't want him to be a nonentity. If I married you, no one would wonder if I was the wife of the George Hopper."

"Hang it all, no other George Hopper has played for the South!"

"I don't happen to be interested in football, you see. Now, George, dear, I do like you, and if you'll show me that you really want to be, and will try to be, someone, I'll—I'll think over what you asked me." She smiled prettily at him.

"I do want to be someone," said George; "I want to be the husband of the Miss Thurston."

Violet smiled gravely. Flattery never had any effect on her.

"George," she said, "when your name appears in the *Times*, then come and ask me again." She added, in reply to a question of George's, that the advertisement and sporting pages didn't count. Pressed further, she disqualified also the Agony Column. He left with no certain idea as to what step he should take.

Next day, he called on Ruth Clifford and discussed the matter with her. Ruth and he had been friends since childhood. George poured out his woes.

"Yes," said Ruth; "it's very interesting. I suppose you realise that she isn't in the least suited to you?"

"Of course!" said George. "That's why I fell in love with her."

"I know, as a fact, that she paints," murmured Ruth, inconsequently.

"H'sh! No confidences."

"Dear boy, I want you to marry somebody nice."

"So do I. That's why I want your help. Now, what would you suggest? Do you think I might write a letter to the *Times*?" I could write on the decadence, or something, of Rugby football. Only they'd probably shove it on the sporting page."

"It's ridiculous," said Ruth, "the whole idea. She wouldn't marry you just because you had your name in the *Times*."

"She said she would, and she happens to be one of the few women who aren't of opinion that only men are supposed to keep their word."

"Thanks!" said Ruth, angrily. "And I might reply that, anyhow, it isn't very honourable to get a girl by a trick like that. What she meant was something quite different."

"It isn't a trick," said George. "She really is fond of me, and this is simply a test to see if I would take any trouble to please her."

"Oh, go away!" said Ruth.

"I say, what are you angry about? Hang it all, why—you're not crying? What's the matter?"

"Nothing at all," said Ruth, quickly.

George left in some concern. He felt that he had put his foot into it somehow. After considering the matter in all its bearings, he gave it up, and began instead to think of Violet and the *Times*. When he saw Ruth again he had a really immense idea.

"You see," he said, "it's well known that the *Times* reports all law cases with great fulness."

"Well?"

George hesitated. "You see, the idea was, I might easily get chucked out of the Alhambra to-morrow night."

"George!"

"The fine wouldn't be more than forty shillings, and, say half-a-sov. to the Alhambra man to do it gently. You see, knowing him from last 'Varsity match makes it so easy. And then the *Times* reporting all law cases so fully—"

"Stop it, George!"

"Of course, the Pater might see it, and stop my allowance, and the Mater would be upset—"

"I should think so!"

"Only one must take risks of some sort. What do you think?"

Ruth picked up a heavy ivory paper-knife from the table and went over to his chair.

"Now," she said, waving it threateningly over his head, "look me in the eyes, George."

He did so admiringly. She had never looked so pretty.

"Oh!" cried Ruth. "Now then, promise me faithfully, on your word of honour, that you'll never do anything so absolutely idiotic."

"But, Ruth, dear—"

"Promise!" she said, holding the point of the paper-knife at his heart.

"Yes, yes, I promise."

Ruth sank back on the sofa.

"There!" she said. "Thank Heaven, we've knocked that out of his silly old head! Now let's talk about something else. Who won on Saturday? Oh, but I know! Congratulations!"

A week later, and the *Times* was still worrying along without George's name. He had written one letter to that paper, pointing out what the Government should have done in a certain crisis, but it had not been printed. Ruth and he had talked the matter over at great length and on many afternoons.

"If the worst comes to the worst," he said, on one occasion, "I can always figure in the death column."

"I am afraid it would be too late then."

"True," said George, thoughtfully.

"I saw her in the Park with Mr. Clinton yesterday," said Ruth.

"Why not?" said George, coldly.

About a fortnight after this he met Violet Thurston suddenly at the corner of Piccadilly.

"Well, how are you?" she said, giving him her hand.

"Oh, very well, thanks."

"I read the *Times* every day," she said, meaningly.

"Indeed?" he said, politely. "Do you get it under this new system for three pounds, or did you always take it in?"

She looked at him in astonishment. He laughed nervously.

"Oh, a joke of mine!" he said, hurriedly. "I thought—I thought I'd take you in, don't you know. As a matter of fact, I may say that before the end of the week—" He stopped and nodded mysteriously. It seemed the best way out of it.

"Really?"

"Yes."

"How clever of you!"

"Well," he said, modestly, "it isn't all my idea. Miss Clifford and I have been putting our heads together—"

Miss Thurston had been admiring a hat in the window. She turned back to him.

"Doing what?" she said, absently.

"Have been—" He broke off.

Miss Thurston had turned to the window. The full meaning of his words came to him suddenly. He tried not to laugh, and made strange noises within. The joke, he thought, would appeal to Ruth.

Violet finished her inspection of the hat.

"Wake up, George!" she said.

He came to himself with a start.

"I'm going into Surrey to-morrow," Violet went on; "so, if there is anything in the *Times*, you must send it on. I'll give you the address. I shall expect it, remember."

George was now fairly caught.

"I think it will be Friday," he said. "Good-bye."

"Now what on earth am I to do?" he thought, as he walked along Piccadilly. "I couldn't get anything in the *Times* by Friday if I wanted to. Hanged if I hadn't forgotten all about the arrangement, meeting her suddenly like that!" He looked at the address she had given him. "Good Lord!" he said.

It worried him for twenty yards, and then he returned to the thoughts that Violet had interrupted before. Opposite the Green Park he spotted Ruth Clifford across the road. He went quickly over, and, as he did so, the great plan came to him.

"Hullo and hooray!" he said.

"What's the matter?" said Ruth.

"Everything. You're the one person I wanted to see. I've got the most glorious idea."

"Still thinking of the silly old *Times*?"

"Wait, oh wait! Let's find a shady corner in the Park and I'll tell you. Bless you, dear, you do look ripping to-day! And it's such a lovely plan!"

On Friday evening Violet Thurston received a copy of the *Times*, addressed in George's writing. She opened it eagerly, and blue-pencil-marks caught her eye. She read—

A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between George Hopper, youngest son of General Sir Arthur Hopper, K.C.B., and Ruth Emily Clifford, only daughter of the late James Clifford.

THE END.



FROM G. D. ARMOUR'S SPORTING SKETCH-BOOK.



IRATE OLD GENT. : Now, young man, allow me to tell you that in this Hunt it is usual for servants to ride *behind* their masters !  
 SECOND HORSEMAN (*newly imported from Ireland*) : Bedad, thin, an' some of thim 'll be a divil of a long way behind that same Hunt !

## THE HUMOURIST IN THE SICK-ROOM.



PATIENT: People 'ave got no business to wish anybody a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

NURSE: An' why not, for goodness' sake?

PATIENT: Because it's impossible to 'ave both. I've proved it over and over again.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



*Advertisements Illustrated. By Dudley Hardy.*



V.

"PLAIN COOK SEEKS SITUATION—CHEERFUL DISPOSITION—MUSICAL."

## A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

## THE LAST PUTT:

A GOLF STORY.

By HAROLD SIMPSON.



THERE are still people who maintain that the age of miracles is past. Every man, of course, is free to hold his own opinions, and I am bound upon no mission of making converts in telling this story. I merely tell it as a story pure and simple. For it seems to hold elements of interest. Indeed, to me, when I first heard it, it was painfully absorbing, as is only natural under the circumstances. For it is my story, and yet not mine; I was an all-unconscious actor in the drama and knew nothing of the sequel until afterwards.

The first Act began pleasantly enough. I became engaged to Dolly Ravenhill. Not knowing Dolly, you may be at a disadvantage in realising how pleasant this was, but you must take my word for it. We met on the golf-links, fittingly enough, since the drama was eventually played out there; and three afternoons of mixed foursomes decided my fate. When she put me in the bunker at the last hole and looked up piteously into my face with a glance of silent despair, I could have taken her in my arms and kissed her. (I did at a subsequent period of the day, but that is neither here nor there.) Instead, I laid a niblick shot dead and won the hole, and also, as I discovered afterwards, her undying affection. It was, therefore, the niblick that began it.

The serpent soon entered my Eden, in the shape of Captain Holchester. Not that I knew him for a serpent at the time. I merely name him so in the light of subsequent events. No one, apparently, knew where he came from, who he was, or anything about him. He had dropped from the clouds, as it were. But he had all the attributes that make for popularity with women, and very few of those which spell unpopularity with men. He was, in fact, extremely good-looking, with bonnie (I am quoting Dolly) blue eyes of the deepest hue, a martial bearing, and a ready tongue. Added to this, he was a good sportsman and an excellent golfer, and he appeared to have plenty of money. So he speedily became popular.

Dolly seemed quite indifferent to him at first. She admired him, of course—no woman of any spirit could help doing that; but she did so openly, which was balm to my soul. For, in many ways, man, and engaged man more especially, has never outgrown his primitive innocence, and I felt, therefore, quite happy that she should admire him openly to me. Equally of course he admired Dolly; but he did it so nicely that even this quite pleased me. Thus we became the best of friends.

Existence flowed on in a pleasant, stream-like way, with never a ripple to disturb its calm. Then, quite suddenly, I noticed that Dolly was not so cloudlessly happy as she used to be; she became less bright and very much more silent. As a rule, Dolly has plenty to say for herself. She takes after her mother (dear soul!) in that. When I taxed her with it, she became quite distressed. I never could stand tears from a woman, so I dropped the subject and took to watching her instead. Gradually it began to dawn on me that her unhappiness was in some mysterious way connected with Captain Holchester. I am not quite sure how I divined this, for his manner to her was always quite as it should be; but the conviction grew on me, nevertheless, so that in time an inveterate hatred took the place of the liking I formerly had for him. But he never showed that he noticed any difference, and we still played golf together as usual.

It was when he had been in the neighbourhood for some three months that the second and vital Act of the drama took place. And I, as I have told you, was an unconscious actor in it. I was due to play a friendly—oh, the irony of that word!—match with Holchester that afternoon, and after breakfast I strolled round, as I was sometimes guilty of doing, to see Dolly. To my astonishment, she no sooner caught sight of me than she burst into tears.

"My dear girl," I said, with as much absence of irritation as I could muster, "whatever is the matter?"

"Oh, I don't know, Frank," she said, through her tears; "somehow, I am feeling so miserable."

"You are going the right way to make me miserable," I said, with some sternness. "I can't think what has come over you lately."

"Have you noticed a difference, then?" she asked, looking up for a moment.

"Have I noticed a difference?" I cried. "Really, Dolly, you are very uncomplimentary to yourself! No one else would ever accuse you of being likely to become engaged to a fool."

"I had no idea," said she, "that it was so apparent as that."

"Then you admit that you haven't been yourself?" said I.

"No," she said, woman-like, "I don't admit anything of the sort. Perhaps," she added,

with a change of front, "you are getting tired of me?"

I looked at her for a moment in silence.

"It is a matter of common knowledge," I said, with great deliberation, "that, when a man is intoxicated, he thinks that everyone else is in that condition except himself."

"This is news to me," said Dolly, with a great show of spirit. "I had no idea, Frank, that you were given that way."

I looked my pity for her.

"On the lines of this argument," I went on, unheedingly, "it is probably you who are growing tired of me."

But she had gone off at another tangent, and the tears became dangerously near again.

"Are you playing with Captain Holchester this afternoon, Frank?"

"Yes," I said, curtly, "and I have every intention of beating him."

"Don't play, Frank," she pleaded, suddenly.

I looked at her in amazement. She was undoubtedly in earnest.

"My dear little girl," I said, "what is the matter?"

"I don't want you to play," she replied, inconsequently.

"But why?" I asked. "Can't you give me any reasons?"

"I don't want you to play," she repeated.

"But, my dear Dolly," I protested, "it's so absurd. I can't go and put a man off for no reason whatever."

"I knew you must be tired of me," she retorted, "or you would at least do what I asked you."

I shrugged my shoulders in despair.

"Very well," I said; "I won't play."

Then, to crown all, she laughed. I was too exasperated at the time to notice how hysterical her laughter was.

"Of course, Frank, I was only joking. Go along and play, you silly, solemn, serious old boy!"

She threw her arms round my neck and kissed me.

"Shall we have much of this sort of thing after we are married?" I asked her.

"What? The kisses?" she questioned, innocently.

She looked so irresistible that I kissed her again, not once, but—Well, after all, we were engaged, and other people have done the same before now.

I met Holchester in quite a pleasant spirit. He, on the other hand, was not so unruffled as usual. Little things seemed to put him out. When he missed his drive at the first tee, for instance, and got into the bunker, he swore quite audibly. But after that he settled down to his game in grim, desperate, silent earnest.

I am unaware at precisely what moment it dawned on me that this was no ordinary game we were playing. We had had many an encounter before; sometimes he won, and sometimes I, but we always finished in quite a friendly manner. But to-day, somehow, it was different. Every stroke was played as a matter of life and death; the very caddies held their breath when either of us made a putt, and once or twice I felt my hand trembling. It was just as though we were playing for some enormous stake. I racked my brains to think of any even insignificant bet I might in a moment of self-confidence have made on this match—a pair of gloves with Dolly, or some other triviality. But I couldn't remember having laid a bet of any sort. Then it struck me that perhaps Holchester had something on it and that his seriousness had unconsciously communicated itself to me. It must be something rather heavy, I thought, to have this effect. At last I could stand it no longer. I turned to him, affecting a laugh.



"Have you got any money on this match?" I asked.

He looked at me curiously for a moment.

"No," he said. "Why do you ask that?"

"Oh," I answered, "we seem to have got so serious, that's all."

He looked at me again.

"It is serious," he said.

Somehow, his answer chilled me, and I said no more. The game went on in absolute silence. It was a ding-dong struggle. In all the close fights we had had together, and they were many, there had never been anything approaching this. We were both playing fine golf, though, perhaps, it is hardly for me to say it. But I knew that I had never played better. And he hung to me like a leech. If he got into trouble and I imagined that I had him safely, he would make a brilliant recovery and halve the hole, occasionally even win it. And I very often did the same when the positions were reversed. And thus, at length, in solemn silence, we came to the last tee, all square and one to play.

I don't mind admitting that by this time I was feeling pretty queer. The strain was beginning to tell, and I could only utter a silent prayer that my nerve would not give way at this critical juncture. No doubt, it was telling on him, too. But he showed no signs of it, except, perhaps, for an almost imperceptible tightening of the lips and a little wrinkle that kept coming and going in his forehead. The man had a nerve like iron, I knew, and of the two it was I who was the more likely to break down. And all the time I hadn't the slightest idea why we were both taking the thing so seriously. Only, an instinct warned me that I must win at all costs.

In a breathless moment of time the matter got whittled down to a question of putts. We both lay at the edge of the green in a like number of strokes. Holchester putted first. It was a beautiful putt, straight and true, and from the moment it started it looked like going down. About a foot from the hole, it faltered, went on, faltered again, and finally stopped on the very lip. Holchester, I believe, muttered a curse. Whether it was this or the knowledge that unless I laid myself dead the match was lost, I don't know; but I putted wildly. It was the merest apology for a putt; weak, uncertain, the ball strolled off in an alien direction in the most unconcerned manner, as though nothing was so far from its intention as to seek the hole. I looked round at Holchester and saw that he was smiling. Then, in a twinkling, his face, changed. I turned to look at my ball once more.

It was then that the miracle happened. (Oh, call it the slope of the ground, if you will, or the effect of the wind, or any other natural phenomenon that you like! Anyhow, it happened.) Just when it seemed at its very last gasp, the ball took a new lease of life. With one irresistible, relentless swoop, it altered its direction and swept triumphantly into the hole. I was too choked with emotion to smile. No one spoke for several moments. Then one of the caddies whistled.

Something seemed to snap in my brain, and I burst into shrieks of uncontrollable laughter. Holchester, I believe, carried me home, and sent for a doctor. And for three weeks I lay on my back with violent brain-fever.

It was a very subdued and penitent Dolly that came to see me when I had become convalescent and all fear of danger was over. I hardly knew her; but in a trice she had her arms round my neck and had told me her story. My part in the drama was finished, and the story henceforward becomes hers.

"Oh, I was mad—mad!" she sobbed. "Frank, will you ever forgive me?"

"Is it anything very dreadful?" I asked, in a somewhat weak voice. My nerves were not quite in first-rate order yet.

"It is perfectly horrible!" she answered, shuddering.

I saw that silence was my best chance of hearing the story, so I contented myself with an affectionate pressure of her hand.

"I was going to elope with him," she blurted out, after an interval.

Then, when I still said nothing, she added: "If he had won, that is."

After that the interval became so long that I felt compelled to say something.

"Who is 'him,' and if he had won what?" I asked, with some confusion of detail and personal pronouns.

"Captain Holchester," said Dolly, hiding her face.

We were both silent then. It never occurred to me to doubt the truth of it, and yet it seemed incredible. But I remembered many things—Dolly's curious behaviour on the morning of that match, my own feelings with regard to Holchester, and the solemnity which had so unintelligibly descended upon us that afternoon. And then suddenly I remembered my putt. I turned to Dolly and took her in my arms, holding her very close. Everything was understood and forgiven in that long embrace. It was some time before I spoke.

"I have made my last putt," I said.

She looked at me interrogatively. So I told her of that miracle (I still insist upon it, you see).

"I shall never play golf again," I said.

"Oh, Frank!" cried Dolly, in genuine distress; "do you really mean it?"

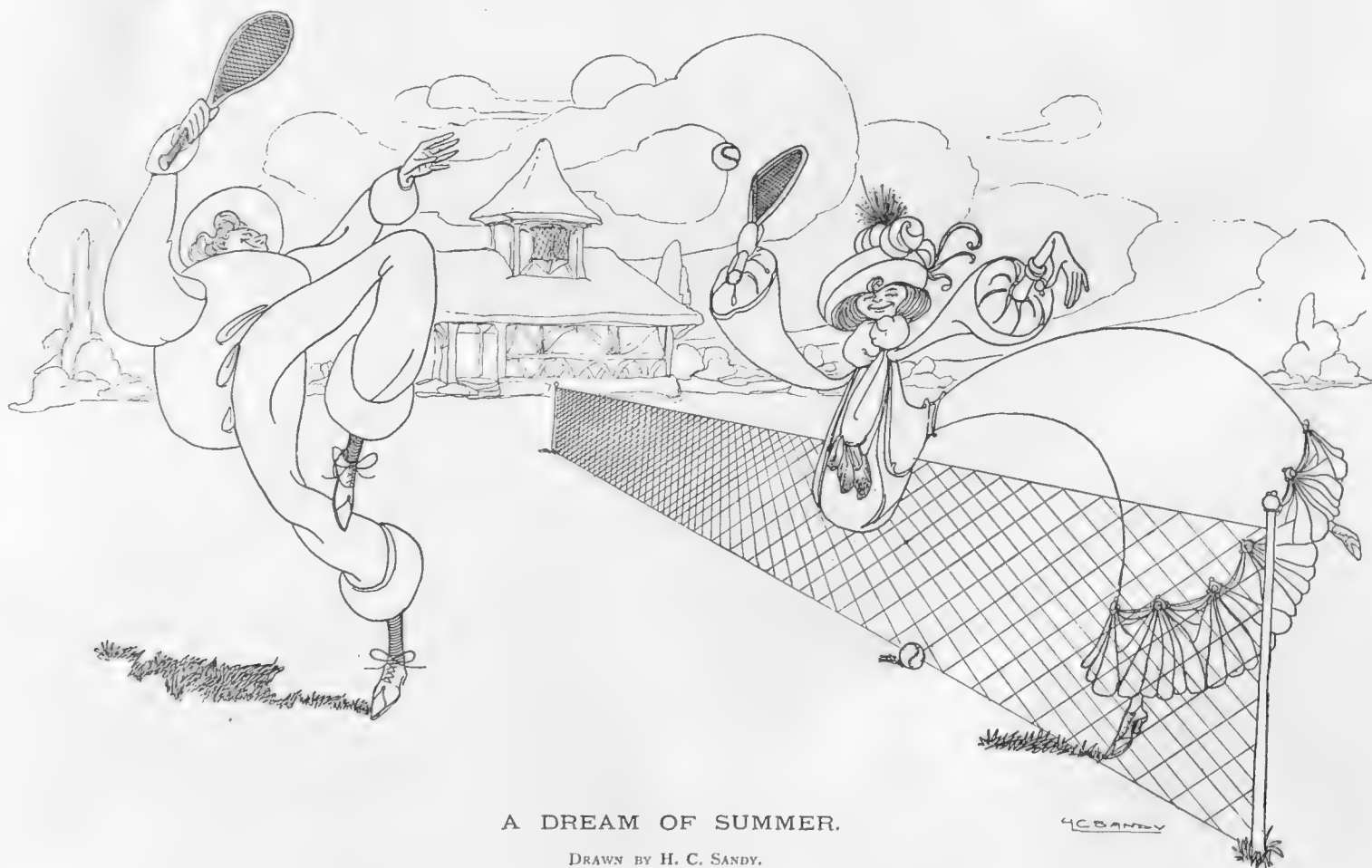
"I will caddie for you," said I.

"Nothing would induce me ever to play again!" she burst out, indignantly.

"There!" I said; "you see how I feel about it. We will neither of us ever play golf again."

I felt it was the very least I owed to the spirit of that putt.

We have since heard that Captain Holchester was shortly afterwards arrested for bigamy, having been found in simultaneous possession of at least three wives. But, then, the ladies always did admire him. Poor little Dolly . . . bless her!



A DREAM OF SUMMER.

DRAWN BY H. C. SANDY.

"PRUNELLA; OR, LOVE IN A DUTCH GARDEN," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

(SEE "THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS," PAGE 420.)



MISS THYRZA NORMAN (MRS. LEIGH) AS "PRUNELLA."

*Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



"PRUNELLA; OR, LOVE IN A DUTCH GARDEN," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

(SEE "THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS," PAGE 420.)



PIERROT (MR. GRANVILLE BARKER) MAKES LOVE TO THE INNOCENT PRUNELLA.



PRUNELLA ESCAPES FROM HER BEDROOM IN ORDER TO RUN AWAY WITH PIERROT.



SOME OF PIERROT'S DISSOLUTE COMPANIONS, WHO ASSIST HIM IN THE ABDUCTION OF PRUNELLA.

*Photographs by Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.*



## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



PLAYGOERS will not need reminding that this (Wednesday) evening Mr. William Greet produces Mr. Seymour Hicks' musical comedy, "The Talk of the Town," at the Lyric Theatre, with much the same Company as that which recently appeared in "The Earl and the Girl."

To-morrow Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry re-open the New Theatre with "The Scarlet Pimpernel," the four-Act romantic play by Orczy-Barstow, which they first tried at Nottingham in the October of last year. The hyphenated names really conceal the identity of two individuals which future theatrical programmes will reveal. They are those of the Baroness Orczy and her husband, Mr. Montagu Barstow. The Baroness will be remembered by readers of the popular monthly magazines as the authoress of several stories, though at one time she was an artist, a profession, by the way, which also occupied the energies of Mr. Barstow, whose black-and-white work as well as water-colour sketches brought his name prominently before the public. About the same time as the play is produced, probably even on the same day, the novel which the Baroness has written on the same subject will be published.

The date of Miss Lily Hanbury's wedding has, unfortunately, had to be postponed in consequence of the illness of her *fiancé*, Mr. Herbert Guedella. That illness began with appendicitis, for which he was operated upon. Happily, he is now quite out of danger, but phlebitis set in, and he is, naturally, compelled to keep absolutely at rest. It will probably be towards the end of February or early in March before the postponed wedding can take place.

In connection with theatrical weddings, it may be stated that Miss Margaret Halstan's marriage with Mr. Morton will be celebrated towards the end of June or early in July.

To win an extraordinary success as the author of musical comedy and then do the same in emotional drama is a by no means everyday occurrence. That, however, has been the recent achievement of Mr. C. M. S. McClellan, who wrote "The Belle of New York" under the pseudonym of "Hugh Morton," and has recently had produced in New York a five-Act play called "Leah Kleschna." It is being acted by Mrs. Harrison Grey Fiske, America's greatest emotional actress, who is said to have achieved in it a striking success. The play has, however, another and far more intimate interest for English playgoers, for, as a matter of fact, it was specially written for Miss Lena Ashwell.

The heroine is a thief, the daughter of a thief, and the play deals with her regeneration through the influence of love. The dramatic struggle is between a cracksman and a statesman, whose hobby is to reform the treatment of criminals. It is the love-story which unites Leah with the statesman which forms the success of the play, and it is treated in an ideal and spiritual rather than a romantic manner. Two London actors are associated with the American production, Mr. Charles Cartwright, who plays the cracksman, and Mr. George Arliss, the original representative of Zakkuri in "The Darling of the Gods," as a degenerate aristocrat.

To take a play which was written for a "star" actor and transpose it so that it can become the vehicle for the woman to dominate the scene is an interesting experiment in stagecraft. That, however, has been done by Mr. Louis N. Parker with "The Cardinal," which, until a few weeks ago, formed part of the repertoire of Mr. E. S. Willard during his provincial tour. The arrangements he has made for a visit to America compelled him to decide to give up using this play, and those who read theatrical advertisements may have noticed that he was offering to dispose of the rights. These were acquired by Mrs. Russ Whytall, an American actress whose sympathetic manner and artistic charm brought her conspicuously into notice in Mr. Willard's own Company. She will appear as Filiberta in a provincial tour, starting at Eastbourne on Jan. 16, and among the members of her Company will be Mr. Philip Cunningham, who will play Mr. Willard's part of the Cardinal. Mrs. Russ Whytall evidently intends to enroll herself as a permanent addition to our actresses, for she has also obtained the rights of other plays which she will produce in due course.

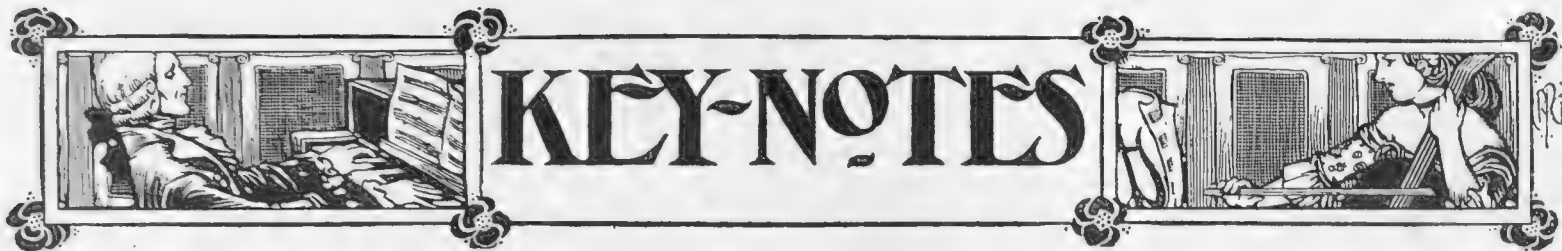
Since the private view of the Scala Theatre there have been many rumours that it is to be the home of that Répertoire Theatre which has been so often talked of but has never materialised. These rumours have likewise been associated with the name of the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton as one of the chief promoters of the enterprise, and her name has even been mentioned in certain of the daily papers. As a matter of fact, so far from the authoress of "Warp and Woof" having anything to do with the organisation of the Répertoire Theatre, she has not, so far, even been asked to take any part in the scheme, though it is well known she is very warmly interested in the idea, which, if carried out in a thorough manner, might do a great deal for the dramatic art of the country.



OPENING OF THE LONDON COLISEUM: THE LADIES' TEA-ROOMS.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.





SOME few days ago a celebration was made at Birmingham, which was very largely attended, in honour of the new Chair of Music endowed by Mr. Peyton for Birmingham University. In this case, as it would seem, a really distinct and vigorous effort is to be made to loosen, as far as is possible, *the bonds of music*, and to get rid of a quantity of niggling details and almost purposely contradictory statements which must necessarily creep into the methods of institutions which never by any chance, if they can help it, change a musical rule. For it is part of the history of music that what is a privilege to-day nearly always becomes a law to-morrow. Certain harmonies which would have made men of the eighteenth century horrified to think of, and which now are used as a matter of course, imply that the evolution and the change in musical thought must, on such a plane of novelty, release music from a certain weighing-down matter, as you may cut heavy stones from a swimmer's ankles, and he again rejoices in his freedom. This is the perpetual law, however much it may be fought against; and as this is set down as a sort of line of gold running through the whole principle of the policy, it is clear that the founding of such a Chair is of the utmost importance. I have said before that Sir Edward Elgar has consented to occupy the Chair during the first year of its existence.

It will, of course, be a very difficult task to carry out to perfection, and it may be foreseen, as in all progressions of human life, that the old and the new will, in time, find much to fight about. Much, therefore, will depend not upon such a set of rules as were drawn up for the guidance of such a body as "Die Meistersinger," but a more flexible and changeable "Tablatur." Of course, it is from the provinces that such a design has

to emerge, for though everything that is good in music, both in performers and in performance, comes in the end to London, that is not the same thing as to increase our vital opportunities of solidifying the right kind of music-teaching in this country. There was a little inaugural meeting of a Music Club of great reputation after a concert of Dr. Richard Strauss's works in the Town Hall in Birmingham—a meeting supported by local musicians, visitors, and such two important guests as Sir Edward Elgar and Strauss. Of course, as to what was said on that occasion, it being within the consecrated laws of Clubland, it is impossible to say more than that the speeches were extremely earnest, while never running to excessiveness. Both Sir Edward Elgar and Richard Strauss made admirable orations, and put a very important matter upon its right footing.

The London Symphony Orchestra—which, as everybody well knows, is a most energetic and comparatively youthful body of players—has been roaming up and down playing here and there, and at all times receiving the greatest approval and appreciation from its audiences. One cannot tell yet as to whether there is large financial room for the London Symphony together with the Queen's Hall Symphony Orchestras; yet one cannot recognise too much the value of such rivals in the betterment of orchestral music in this country, where one

does not forget the great band of Manchester. It is precisely here that we in England are practically building up something greater than we have had before, and that we are no longer content only with the solo player or singer, whoever he or she might be. There is, perhaps, no doubt that after some time there will be something of a reaction in this matter; that will be all the better, because already people are beginning to notice that the clang and clash of a great amalgamation of players may in the end pall, and that beauty is also to be found in fine choruses and the sound of a single voice. One would not for a moment have it supposed that one or the other of these states of art is not capable of perfection; one was merely hinting at those possibilities of change from one state to another which belong to those who are interested in music.

It is a point of wonderment with me as to whether Dr. Walford Davies's Cantata, founded on the "Old Morality" play "Everyman," is really destined to a long artistic life. That at Leeds it had a general success is a matter which it would be absurd to controvert; yet I confess that, despite the curious mingling of the ancient and modern spirit from which he managed to find inspiration, it did not appeal to me any

more than does the imitation by modern hands of a sacred vase or of a classical pose, notwithstanding the cunning of the modern hand which wrought the later work. Dr. Davies in "Everyman" has always struck me as being somewhat cold, and in this respect his monastic mediævalism is particularly frigid and not easily to be identified with the real thing. In other parts he can be modern with a vengeance, and there are several unconscious little phrases which one can trace to the influence which modern thought among the greatest of modern composers has rolled forward like waves of the sea. Anyway, the work has spread to London in an incredibly short time, for it is too often the fate of a Festival composition to lie quietly, unknown after its first performance, to be never heard of any more.

COMMON CHORD.



MISS ROSA SNELL, A YOUNG SINGER WHO IS MAKING HER MARK IN THE PROVINCES AS "KITTY GREY."

Photograph by Wayland, Blackheath.



*Another Reliability Trial—How to Pass a Tram-car—Persecution and its Remedy—A House on Wheels.*

CAPTAIN DEASY and his four-cylinder Martini have not been allowed long to remain without imitators. When commenting upon the excellent performance of the Martini in the late four thousand miles trial, I suggested that an enterprising member of the trade would shortly launch a car upon a trial even more severe than that to which the gallant ex-Lancer officer subjected his Company's Martini. On Monday last, the Siddeley Autocar Company started one of their new two-cylinder twelve horse-power cars on a reliability trial of five thousand miles, under the supervision of the Automobile Club, the said distance to be covered in thirty days. This trial is intended to show that a British-built car of moderate power and price can accomplish equally good work with four-cylinder cars of larger power, greater cost, and foreign manufacture. A trip of a hundred and eighty miles every day except Sundays is to be undertaken until the whole distance of five thousand miles is completed. The runs will be made each day out from the Automobile Club's garage in Down Street, Piccadilly, to which the car will be returned at

traffic favour the overtaking and passing of a tram-car on its near side. Notwithstanding, it is not by any means certain that the Courts would hold anyone guiltless of negligence if an accident happened through the adoption of this course. Mr. Staplee Firth, the Solicitor to the Motor Union, advises immediate application to the Local Government Board to settle the question definitely.

There is every evidence to show that, so far from decreasing, the persecution of automobilists by the prejudiced people who have no experience of motors, and desire that the country roads shall be tabooed to all sorts and conditions of traffic save that which is horse-hauled, is likely to increase and grow in the coming year. The bitter enemies of the automobile movement hope that, by multiplying complaints and prosecutions to the uttermost, they will not only deter many people from the purchase of cars, but will establish so strong a case against motors that, when the time arrives for the revision of the Act of 1903, that Statute will be re-framed on such lines of repression



THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT OF THE AUTOMOBILE: THIS CAR, A VERITABLE HOUSE ON WHEELS, HAS JUST TRAVELLED FROM BORDEAUX TO PARIS.

*Photograph by Branger, Paris.*

night and where it will remain constantly under the eyes of the Club officials. That the trial will prove a very severe one goes without saying when the winter conditions of the roads in the home counties are borne in mind; but, from what I have seen of this car, under construction and on the road, I feel sure that, with average luck, it will come through this big and trying test with flying colours.

The question upon which side a tram-car should be passed is just now very much agitating the legal dove-cotes connected with automobilism. From a common-sense point of view, it is clear that a tram-car, seeing that it cannot move to the near side of the road to allow itself to be passed, should be passed by overtaking traffic on its left, or near side, otherwise such overtaking traffic meets the whole stream of traffic moving in an opposite direction, and congests still further the space already congested by the fact that the tram-car is set in the centre of the road and cannot be deflected. When there are two lines of trams, it is still more evident that overtaking traffic should hold to the near side when passing a tram-car moving in the same direction, or it stands a very good chance of being rammed by the other oncoming tram, or of colliding with opposing traffic in the narrow passing-space left by the double line of rails. As usual, the whole question is left in a most delightfully vague condition so far as the several Acts and Local Government Board regulations dealing with the matters are concerned, although the authorities controlling

that motoring will be stamped out in this country and a great industry throttled for the second time. The one remedy at present to hand, the one bulwark against the wave of prejudice and ignorance which, if not stemmed with strength and determination, may ultimately overwhelm us, is membership of the Motor Union. There are large and constantly increasing numbers of car-owners and motor-cyclists who owe no allegiance either to the Automobile Club in London or to any affiliated Club, whereby they support the Motor Union through such Club, and it is these unattached owners who should hasten, if only in their own interests, to become members of the Union. The annual subscription of one guinea is a bagatelle, comparatively, and it should be sent without delay to the Secretary of the Motor Union, 16, Down Street, Piccadilly, W.

The curious car illustrated on this page recently travelled from Bordeaux to Paris, a distance of more than three hundred miles. It is, in fact, a house on wheels, since it is some thirty-three feet in length, and contains a dining-room capable of seating twenty guests, a sleeping-room with two beds, a dressing-room, a kitchen, and an engine-room. The sleeping-room can be transformed at will into a drawing-room, with arm-chairs, sofa, and other fittings. Mounted on wooden wheels, without tyres, the car is propelled by a twenty horse-power motor and can attain a speed of some eighteen miles per hour. It is the property of M. Secresta, an enthusiastic motorist.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*Racing Patrons—The Entries—"Doping"—An Old Sport—Defaulters.*

THE depression still sticks to the members of our old nobility. As a result, very few of them are able to keep racehorses.

Thank goodness, the Dukes of Westminster, Devonshire, Portland, and Montrose continue to own horses, and Lord Howard de Walden, Lord Rosebery, Lord Penrhyn, Lord Derby, Lord Cadogan, and Lord Farquhar are still very partial to the sport, while Lord Rothschild and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild continue to be pillars of the Turf; but the bulk of the horses are owned either by big financiers or by men who have made fortunes out of trade. Thus, we find that beer, boots, mantles, and sewing-machines have provided the wherewithal to carry on large studs, and I am inclined to think that the successful business-man is never likely to go very far wrong in his racing speculations. He knows too much to take many serious risks, and he is content with a mild gamble however great a certainty he possesses on paper. The South African diamond-fields have been useful to the English Turf, though it is a bed-rock fact that scarcely one of the men who made fortunes out of diamonds could make their racing establishments pay in this country.

On Thursday the entries for the majority of the Spring Handicaps will be issued, although we shall have to wait a week for the nominations to the Grand National Steeplechase. I am told, by-the-bye, that His Majesty the King will once more enter Ambush II. for the cross-country Derby, and that the horse has wintered wonderfully well. Ambush II. is very likely to take the place of Manifesto in the matter of public favouritism, and he is certain, if not unduly overburdened with weight, to make a respectable show, for his is a case of "horses for courses." I predict good entries for the majority of the Spring Handicaps, as the winter has been of a fairly open character. The Lincoln Handicap should yield well in the matter of quantity, if not in quality, and it is safe to predict that Mr. R. Ord will give us a fair puzzler, as he is a capital sizer-up of form. The City and Suburban is very likely to attract the best entry of the Spring Handicaps, as it is run at a popular time and the betting and going at Epsom are always good. The Jockey Club Committee of Handicappers are so clever that the winner may take some finding, but I do hope the race will not be won by another Robert le Diable starting at 40 to 1.

It is the opinion of some racing-men that "doping" is still carried on in flat-racing, and it is suggested that all horses should be saddled in the paddock in sight of the spectators. I think this should be done, for the public good, if for no other reason; and, what is more, an enclosed saddling-ring ought to be provided in all paddocks. The plan works well at Gatwick and one or two other meetings, and it should be made universal. Again, all animals engaged in a race should be made to canter in front of the stands previous to going to the post, and the Stewards should have no power to give permission for any horse to be sent direct to the starting-post. The public pay heavily for their sport, and they should be given every opportunity to see all the horses engaged and to judge for themselves whether the animals are fit, or fat, or "doped," or what not. One or two of the results last year pointed to "doping," but I very much doubt if owners would take the risk in these days, as being found out would, I take it, mean being warned off the Turf for ever.

The death of Mr. W. Lambert, who, years ago, had many good horses trained by the late William Goater, of Michel Grove, removes from our midst a good old sport. I was once told that Mr. Lambert, in his young days, was in the employment of Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," who, at her death, left him a big sum of money. Mr.

Lambert was a rare good judge of racehorses and he believed in stayers. His choice of William Goater for his trainer and the Findon Downs for his training quarters was, under the circumstances, a lucky one. The deceased gentleman began racing in 1858, and the first good horse he owned was Rocket, who, by-the-bye, belonged to Mr. Lambert, the late Mr. E. Green, and Mr. G. Hodgman, in partnership. The last-named gentleman, who is the author of "Sixty Years on the Turf," was married a few weeks ago, and I often see him about at race-meetings, looking quite twenty years younger than his real age. Perhaps the best horse Mr. Lambert ever owned was Don Juan, who won the Cesarewitch of 1883. Don Juan was ridden to victory by Teddy Martin, who now trains at Royston. After the race, the owner asked Martin what he would choose for a present, and the jockey immediately replied, "A pocket-knife." Martin got his knife and a fat cheque into the bargain.

The bookmakers are in a very bad way just now. Business is quiet in the extreme, yet the professionals say they do a lot too much business for their own good, and the more they do the further they get in the mire. Tightness of money has turned many scions of the nobility into practical paupers, yet they will persist in having their bit on without for a moment thinking how the poor bookie is to be paid. The professional layers, it seems, have not the pluck to pull their debtors up before the Committee of the Newmarket Subscriptions, because they say the Upper Ten, good and bad included, would boycott them for ever after. They prefer to allow the defaulters to go on, in the hope that they may introduce good, sound business in the shape of new-comers with lots of money and less sense. A big layer once told me the story of a nobleman who owed the Ring thousands, and they decided to stop him; but he came up smiling one day and told the bookies he would be able to pay off a bit of the debt if they only loaned him a few hundreds ready to play cards with. The bargain was struck, and within two days the nobleman paid off the temporary loan and also fifty per cent. of the old debt. He was a good judge of horses and of cards. CAPTAIN COE.



"PAT," A FRIEND OF PRINCESS VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.



"LAIRD," ANOTHER OF PRINCESS VICTORIA'S PETS.

*Photographs by E. Brooks.*

## PRINCESS VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

The eldest daughter of Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein has always been fond of animals, and especially of cats and dogs. At Cumberland Lodge Her Royal Highness has quite a menagerie, and, though she is best known as a cat-fancier—for her splendid pets have won many prizes at the leading Shows—she is equally fond of dogs. When in town, residing with her parents at Schomberg House, Pall Mall, Princess Victoria is a frequent and interested visitor to those Art Exhibitions which show the work of artists whose mission it is to delineate animal life, and several of her dumb friends have been immortalised by the leading animal-painters of the day.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

AMONGST the sales which dot the feminine horizon at the moment in a great bewilderment of coming and going there is one, with the inviting legend, "Fisher, Regent Street," marked thereon, which will, doubtless, draw a great many fair visitors alongside. The frocks, the furs, the travelling-cloaks, the motor-garments, with caps *en suite*, are arrayed in such inviting numbers



[Copyright.]

A SMART EVENING-CLOAK.

as to cause a bewilderment of choice and an embarrassment of opportunities. Sable stoles and pelerines of chinchilla, usually so over the heads of the modestly income, are reduced to quite get-at-able proportions, while the *chic* that is the invariable accompaniment of a Fisher frock is within the possibilities of a very few guineas. Women going to the Engadine or the South will equally find garments to match their different destinations, the short, well-cut tailor-made for one, or the elaborate cloak or costume for Terasse or Plage which is the obviously correct outfit for the other. It is to be further duly noted that during the sale Messrs. Fisher actually make tweed frocks from four and a-half guineas to order, while their usual starting-point is six guineas—cheap enough, too, in all conscience, when the admirable cut and finish for which they are distinguished are taken into account. However, the moment is evidently a psychological one for those who want very much for very little, and, as such, will doubtless be very widely availed of by the astute amongst womenkind who like to be at once fashionably and economically frocked.

An interesting function which will take place at the New Gallery on the 7th will be the evening reception for members and friends of the International Society of Painters, Gravers, and Sculptors, following the Varnishing Day dinner of the night before. The Exhibition itself, which opens on the 9th, promises to be an epoch-making one in the Society's annals, judging from the long and distinguished roll-call of

exhibitors, while the Gallery is to be decorated after a novel scheme of M. Rodin's, the Society's distinguished President.

If the sculptor of old Greek days who evolved "La Samothrace" from his divinely illumined brain could have dreamed that in countless centuries his statue would be a household word in this Northern island, he would, doubtless, have been as amazed as "La Samothrace" herself if called out of her classic marble into human life could be. Still, the seemingly impossible has once more happened, and, by the simple expedient of naming a superlative corset after a superb sculpture, "La Samothrace" has become domesticated to a household word in our midst. The London Corset Company, whose fine premises at 28, New Bond Street, may be termed the shrine of this deity, announce a sale of their specialities to begin this week, and during its continuance sacrifices will be daily offered to the female form divine, in the shape of "odd lots," "slightly soiled," and other varieties of "reduced" bargains at prices calculated to put all considerations, except the desire of possession, to flight. Every corset which the London Corset Company produces is made in Paris—a perfect fit, without pressure, being the inimitable result. Nothing but real whalebone is used in the manufacture of "La Samothrace," and, whether made in white coutille at 17s. 11d. the pair or in rich brocade at seventy shillings, one is equally assured that the material and finish are the best of their respective kind. For tall or short, slim or stout figures the same accuracy and essential knowledge of outline are preserved, and there cannot be any known variety of normal human figure that one or other version of "La Samothrace" will not absolutely fit. Besides



[Copyright.]

A NEW WALKING-COSTUME.

all this, one now finds smart silk and delaine blouses at 28, Bond Street, fresh over from Paris two or three times a week, so that one can be fitted in and out in a most shapely, satisfactory, and smart way by this enterprising Company, which in its productions stands quite away and apart from all others.



Talking of classics and classical subjects, I notice that the ancient custom of wearing a thick plait around the head is coming noticeably into fashion. Two nights ago, at the Savoy, four women out of six had adopted this mode, only, with a truly British absence of the sixth sense of suitability, several had adopted it whose style and features were altogether antagonistic to this really beautiful and distinguished style of hair-dressing. What would be sympathetic to the regular features of a Greek or Roman or Anglo-Saxon is, however, unlikely to suit the *retroussée* Gallic *demoiselle* or the flamboyant Teuton, and it was really a grief to admire the noble outlines of a beautifully arranged coiffure at the table next to ours, with its coiled, classic braids all complete, and to subsequently catch a glimpse of the face to which it belonged, with tip-tilted nose, pert little mouth, and the vivacity of a pet monkey. Why do we Englishwomen not learn to express our "local colour" more appropriately? A Parisienne would never have done that.

Apologos, any woman who appreciates a really exquisite perfume—and that is every woman deserving the name—should possess herself of some of "la Parfumerie Lubin," the headquarters of which, 11, Rue Royale, Paris, are well known in the "Gay City" as a century-old landmark. The productions of the Maison Lubin are, happily, being given a greater vogue in this country by the firm undertaking to send out caskets containing samples of their specialties for thirty francs, carriage paid. These contain the celebrated "Eau-de-Cologne Ambrée Lubin," "Eau-de-Toilette Lubin" (which was first prepared for the beautiful Princess Pauline Borghese in 1808), "Heliotrope blanc," "Suzon," and other perfumes, besides soap and powder and a wardrobe sachet, all incomparable of their kind and each with the approval of a century of customers behind it. The Maison Lubin is justly described as one of the things to see in Paris, as its products are certainly things to know.

The Mayfair Shoe Company is indulging in its Annual Sale, and women who wish to set themselves up in smart boots and shoes at incredibly low prices should betake themselves with speed to this inner sanctuary of fashionable footgear. From dainty silk-velvet bedroom shoes, edged with sable or chinchilla, to the neatest, most workman-like of country boots, every article is reduced to practically half the price that ruled before the sale; and some brown buckskin boots "brogued" with russet-leather spell the last word in *chic*. Also are there many varieties of beautifully finished, most ornamental indoor shoes at prices that must surprise even the most experienced connoisseur in bargains, so it is really a word to the wise in giving 9, Vere Street, as a place *par excellence* of present opportunities.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

REBECCA.—A most difficult task to send a list of books to anyone unknown, tastes differ so much. For instance, the author you name I cannot help considering morbid, unhealthy, and entirely vulgar. Amongst the new books, Mr. Benson's "The Challoners" is quite excellent; so is "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"; so is Anthony Hope's last work; so is not "The Lady of the Fan"; but one could go on indefinitely like this. It is, after all, a matter of taste.

SYBIL.

#### NEW BRIDGE-SCORER.

We have lately had an opportunity of examining a new bridge-marker, the ingenious invention of Mr. C. A. N. Wallich. We can cordially recommend it to all bridge-players, and those who do not play will find it a delightful present for those who do. It is constructed on a new principle, and is the only marker which entirely does away with the use of pencil and paper. It adds and subtracts with perfect ease and accuracy, and, as it scores for both sides, only one marker is required. The net result is seen at a glance as soon as the last score in a rubber has been recorded. The price is 12s. 6d., and the marker is to be obtained of Messrs. Drew and Co., of Leadenhall Street, E.C. (wholesale also), and of most fancy dealers.

The latest volume of Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, from "The Musician's Library"—"Fifty Songs of Franz Schubert"—shows, says the *New York Musical Courier*, "the same Ditson distinction and care in its physical utterance!" The total outlay by the Company for the series when completed will probably amount to something like fifty thousand dollars. It is an interesting ambition to have set about realising, and one trusts that it will come to a very successful ending.

#### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH."

##### PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

##### INLAND.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 os. 3d.  
Six Months, 14s. (or including Christmas Number), 15s. 3d.  
Three Months, 7s. (or including Christmas Number), 8s. 3d.

##### ABROAD.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2.  
Six Months, 19s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 1s.  
Three Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "Union Bank of London," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 198, Strand, London.

#### ABOUT THE BOULEVARDS.

*The Week of Terror.* Anatole wiped the marble table over, sent a younger waiter to fetch the glass for the demanded *fine champagne*, placed it before me, struck an attitude, and thundered "Ver-r-r-sez! No, but he does not know how himself to hurry, the unfortunate!" all in a breath (writes our Paris Correspondent). This is a way of Anatole's with regular customers. He thinks it makes us think that he is very, very busy. He passed his hand across his chin, and, as I may be allowed to put it, rasped expectantly. I looked up at him. "Overworked again, Anatole?" I asked. "Oh, que non, Monsieur! There is, it is true, work enough" (there is, though Anatole but rarely does it), "but it is not the work that worries. It is notepaper week, the week of the New Year, *la semaine*, as we call it, *de la Terreur*. But Monsieur knows of that, Monsieur who is so all-Parisian?" Monsieur did not know, and Anatole, volubly and excitedly, with much play of ill-shaven feature and of dingy hands, proceeded to explain. The week which follows Christmas and precedes New Year is in Paris the week of seasonable greeting. Now, by a refinement of cruelty, your waiter in a Paris café not only pays the proprietor a daily sum for the privilege of waiting, but—and here is the significance of the term "Terror Week"—has to provide notepaper, envelopes, and blotting-paper for the use of customers, while the proprietor supplies the pens, ink, and the premises. Anatole tells me that in "Terror Week" so much waiter-provided stationery is used by economical *habitués* that the week's tips are altogether swallowed up, and "as for the *étrennes*, or New Year's gifts, my poor Monsieur," he cries, pathetically, "too many of my customers, *hélas*, think as Monsieur thinks about them!"

"*Les Étrennes.*" I had the courage, some years since, to explain to Anatole that I could see no reason why the fact of my rewarding him with copper coinage or with small silver two or three times a day should give him a claim on me for larger silver or for small gold coin once a year, and, with an outward smile of acquiescence, and doubtless scowling inwardly, Anatole murmured that Monsieur belonged to a great nation, a nation of the practical intensely. The *étrennes*, or New Year's tip, habit has for years past so increased and has become so general a nuisance that there is talk of its entire and absolute abolishment. At present, the Parisian, however, is taxed by his concierge, postmen of various categories, the emissaries of his tradespeople, sewer-men, waiters *et hoc genus omne*, and even his hairdresser puts out a plate during the Week of Terror in which a few five-franc and ten-franc pieces are carefully disposed on crimson plush to lure in other moneys from those generous customers who have forgotten that the daily penny extra for their shave means a thirty-franc tip per annum. But there is a picturesqueness about Boulevard life at Christmas-time which compensates for everything. The mistletoe-seller, with his hand-cart, and his shoulder-load of green and white, and his musically modulated cry—

Qui veut du gui,

Du gui,

Du gui de la basse Normandie!

the toy-vendors, in their township of booths, which, mushroom-like, grows up in one night of the last month of each dying year, to vanish in the first week of the new; Jules of Montmartre, with his toys, and Richard de la Rue de Rivoli, who sells the "Pompier Anglais" mentioned in *The Sketch* recently, and who will take your English silver in exchange for him, so used is he to British custom; and, prettiest and Frenchiest sight of all, the Christmas or New Year's week marriages, of which that of the Count de Lubersac to Mdle. de Broglie was this year the most notable example. In many ways the fashionable Parisian tries to imitate the Londoner, and dandies of the Ville Lumière really do dress *à l'Anglaise* now and then; but though that glass of fashion, M. Paul Deschanel, the ex-Speaker of the Chamber of Deputies, married in a frock-coat and light-grey trousers, the garb was voted out of keeping with the ceremony's importance, and swallow-tails and chokers of pure white grace marriage ceremonies and funerals in Paris now as heretofore.

The statement that Mr. Choate will resume his practice of law on his retirement from his position as American Ambassador in this country is somewhat surprising in view of his advanced age—he is seventy-two—but, then, Mr. Choate is essentially a young old man, with wonderful alertness and great powers of recuperation. Admitted to the Massachusetts Bar some nine-and-forty years ago, he has figured prominently in a number of historical American cases, and cannot but enhance his reputation. The Universities have combined to honour him: he is LL.D. of Cambridge, Edinburgh, Yale, and St. Andrews, and a D.C.L. of Oxford.

The most extraordinary rumours were flying about the Continent last week with respect to the ex-Princess Royal of Saxony, some of the papers going so far as to say that she had committed suicide. As a matter of fact, the Princess returned to Florence after her abortive visit to Dresden and is living at the Villa Papiniano with her aunt, the Princess of Ysenbourg-Birstein, who returned to Florence from Rome on the day after that on which the Princess Louise left for Dresden. Had the Princess of Ysenbourg-Birstein been at home, she would, no doubt, have been able to prevail on her niece to remain in Florence, but, unfortunately, she was kept at Rome by a motor-car accident.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 11.*

## HOME RAILS BEFORE THE DIVIDENDS.

COINCIDENT with the smart rise in the Gilt-edged Market, there has come another breath of buying to invigorate Home Railway stocks on the eve of the dividend announcements. Prices of the heavier securities are substantially better, and we are being assured with the usual solemnity that the market is bare of stock and that the public want to invest dividend-money in advance. The former of these statements lost its novelty so long ago that we are somewhat surprised it should still be quoted whenever Home Rails show a rising inclination. As a matter of fact, there is plenty of stock to be had, but the market has slipped into such a groove of narrowness that, as soon as the public begin to operate a little more in the one direction than in the other, the dealers adjust prices accordingly. And, of course, by comparison of notes and by other ways, the jobbers always know pretty well what the general tendency is throughout the whole market, apart from their own personal book.

So many little revivals have taken place in Home Railway stocks of late, only to be followed by quick relapse, that one fears to trust the present movement very far. Perhaps the best guarantee for its continuance must be sought in the Consol Market. If the best-class investments are to again reach a  $2\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. to 3 per cent. basis, then Home Railway Ordinary stocks will, no doubt, get back to a level at which the return will be something like  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the money instead of about 4 per cent., which is yielded by North-Western, North-Eastern, Midland Deferred, and Great Western. The distributions next month will probably follow on much the same lines as those for the corresponding period last year, but we may expect the reports and the meetings to hold out promises of economies more drastic than have ever prevailed in the past. The outlook for prices, we repeat, is greatly dependent upon the course of the Consol section, where the ease of money and the awakening of speculative interest in high-class securities are good omens for a maintenance of strength amongst Home Railway stocks of the better sort.

## KAFFIRS IN THE NEW YEAR.

What strikes the observer most as he looks down the list of Kaffir shares is that quotations in nearly every instance are commencing the year at a height which would appear to give little scope for further improvement, were it not that the merest child in such matters knows full well how speculative values depend less upon intrinsic merits than upon the sentiment of the moment. As we have repeatedly urged, the chief element of gambling—which is uncertainty—has long since departed from the gold-producing shares of the Kaffir Circus. Once a mine can be mathematically “sized-up” with regard to its life and output, the gambler’s devotion to the shares immediately dwindles, and flies off on a new search after something which holds more mercurial chances of glittering success. Even the Deep Levels and the Deeper Deeps are falling into the clutches of statisticians, who deserve every ingenious torture that Mr. W. S. Gilbert could devise as punishment for their sin of setting a bound to speculation. As an experienced jobber in the Kaffir Circus observed, “We can never have the 1895 experience again, because people know what the mines are worth now, whereas in those days they didn’t.”

To spot a winner in the Kaffir Circus for the New Year Races, one must go to the shares outside the category of the gold-producers just mentioned. If the Deep Levels continue to advance, then Rand Mines will certainly follow suit, although, looking at the price of the premier gold-share, the candid critic is compelled to confess that justification for the current quotation is anything but easy to find. That does not matter, however, if the public mean to have Kaffirs, as they apparently do. In addition to the shares that we have suggested as good speculations, we may instance Roodepoort Central Deep, New Comets, and Barnato Consols, all of which are likely to see better prices.

## THE “HOUSE ANNUAL.”

This annual Stock Exchange publication now comes as regularly as Christmas itself, and we are again able to reproduce one of the cartoons, by a House artist, with which its pages are enlivened. The

Stock Exchange artists find themselves in company with several well-known names whose work is looked for by all regular readers of *The Sketch*, and the list of authors is a very strong one this year. One cartoon in particular has created immense amusement amongst the friends of the victim, well known for his always-carried umbrella and his electric perambulator which takes him to and from the City every day. As everybody knows, the profits arising from the sale of the “House Annual” are devoted to a Children’s Fund administered by the *Referee*, and Mr. W. A. Morgan, who edits the Stock Exchange book, speaks in the highest terms of the work in aid of which his Annual is sold.

Mr. Morgan enters a gentle protest against his fellow members for not coming forward more lavishly with contributions, but, since they eagerly buy the book, we suppose that the comparative bashfulness of Stock Exchange talent may be excused in the circumstances. The Annual makes an excellent Twelfth-Night gift for a broker to send his clients.

## BROKEN HILL LETTER.

Our Broken Hill correspondent sends us the following letter, from which it is evident that matters are very much more prosperous than they have been. Privately, our correspondent tells us that, in his opinion, Sulphide Corporation, Souths, and Block 10 are all good speculations and may be bought with every prospect of an improvement in value.



SCENE: OUTSIDE STOCK EXCHANGE. OPULENT MEMBER ENJOYING MID-DAY CIGARETTE.

BEGGAR: 'Xcuse me, Sir, but could you tell me the price of Aeryated Bread?

*Reproduced by permission from the "House Annual."*

Broken Hill, Nov. 22, 1904.

Broken Hill, at the moment of writing, is being closely watched all over Australia. On the Exchanges, silver stocks have quite ousted gold, and day by day, in all the eastern States, a vast volume of business has been transacted. Improved work on the mines first drew attention to the value of Broken Hill stocks for investment and speculation, and just when the public was “biting” lead started to rise. That was sufficient. Lead rose daily, so did the value of the stocks. We in Australia, however, never knew the real reason of a rise in lead values, so, not knowing whether this rise was solid or a mere flash in the pan, some of the City “bears” got promptly to work. Lead rose to £13 2s. 6d., and then fell to £12 16s. 3d. This fall helped the “bears” much. Investors grew scared, and cleared out rapidly. The fall, however, was only a temporary reaction. Lead has again improved to £13 2s. 6d., spelter is over £25, and silver has topped 2s. 3d. These quotations put new life not only into the Barrier, but into the City markets as well, and at present speculators look forward to being able to afford a little stuffing with their Christmas poultry. This time last year—Ugh! It gives one the shivers to recollect it.

Of course, the basis of Broken Hill’s existence is the lead and zinc market, especially the former. If values are very low, no amount of good work will make some of the mines pay. The mines are purely business concerns, and if no profit is possible they might just as well remain closed down. But where, three or four years ago, lead required to be, say, £13 or more to leave a margin between profit and loss, to-day there is not a mine along the line of lode that cannot more than cover expenses with lead at £11, and some can do well with the metal at £9 to £9 10s. Conditions have changed, and the change is still going on. We have improved our methods greatly, but there is still room to do better, and attention is being given thereto. Only the other day, an experimental parcel of friable ore (crudes) from the Junction Mine, going 25 oz. silver, 30.5 per cent. lead, and 24 per cent. zinc to the ton, was treated by magnetic separation. Excellent products resulted—a lead concentrate worth 58 to 60 per cent. lead and 37 to 38 oz. silver, and a zinc concentrate worth 42 per cent. zinc and 19 oz. silver. The “recovery” was 94 per cent. of the lead, 95 per cent. of the zinc, and 89 per cent. of the silver: almost the whole of the metal contents. If this could only be accomplished with the ordinary refractory ores, Broken Hill would have an unusually merry time ahead. Under ordinary concentration methods, for example, Block 10 (in its last half-year) even recovered 36.62 per cent. of the silver and 62.63 per cent. of the lead, and the zinc all went into the tailings dumps. Other mines do better than Block 10, but none of them yet do anything like perfect work. The Junction North is at present erecting a magnetic separation-plant with which it hopes to do great things—the plant will be ready in December or January; but much interest is just now centred in two new processes, the Cattermole and the De Bavay, which experimentally have accomplished wonders. The Cattermole, tried on the Central (Sulphide Corporation), has succeeded in recovering virtually the whole of the metals in the crudes. A cheap process, too, it is naturally being closely watched.

Some day, mayhap, we may reach the perfection aimed at. Meanwhile, we are doing very well. The “salt-cake” plant (Delprat process) erected on the Proprietary has been extended, and the full plant is doing healthy work. Plant will treat 3000 tons of tailings a week; 2040 tons of concentrates were produced in October. The sulphuric acid necessary is being made on the mine by the Carmichael-Bradford desulphurising process, which is accomplishing all that has ever been claimed for it. (A “C.-B.” plant, by the way, is being erected at the Proprietary’s Port Pirie works, and negotiations are near a head for the introduction of the process on a big scale into the United States.) An acid plant on a small scale is being run on Block 14; the British is erecting a Delprat plant; while the duplication of the successful Mechernich plant on the Central is well under way. It will thus be seen that the zinc industry is now no mean portion of Broken Hill’s business. The Central, though it sends most of its zinc concentrates to the Continent, despatches some to its works at Cockle Creek, where a marketable spelter is now being turned out at a profit. The Proprietary, however, is content at present to send all its product away.

Passing from the zincs, the Proprietary’s general figures will be found particularly good. For the three months Aug. 9 to Nov. 2, the output was 1,156,516 oz.



silver and 15,370 tons lead, in addition to gold and antimonial lead. No other mine approaches these figures, but the South, Central, British, and the reopened North are all doing mighty well.

The returns of a week show that the Central smelters turned out 49,614 oz. silver, the biggest quantity yet recorded for the works. The South often treats over 4000 tons of crudes per week (4402 tons is the record). Block 10 hasn't been doing its best lately. Its new plant is just completed (cost over £83,900), and the full works only got going four days ago. Henceforth it will do better. Last week's returns show that every mill is now doing under six-to-one work (six tons of crudes to one of concentrates), and now and again the North surprises with under five to one. The North Mill is certainly the best at the present time in this respect, though the recovery of metals is not so high as is the case in some other instances.

Block 10 has been thoroughly testing its ore bodies at its lowest working depths, and with thoroughly satisfactory results—

|             | Lead (per cent.). | Silver (oz.). | Zinc (per cent.). |
|-------------|-------------------|---------------|-------------------|
| 915 feet .. | 12 ..             | 17 ..         | 20 ..             |
| 1015 „ ..   | 16 ..             | 21 ..         | 22 ..             |
| 1115 „ ..   | 19 ..             | 16 ..         | 11 ..             |
| 1215 „ ..   | 14 ..             | 15 ..         | 15 ..             |

This mine's ore has always gone well for silver, but the South's 17.9 per cent. lead and 7.6 oz. silver, and the British's 15 per cent. lead and 10 oz. silver, are not bad either. Some of the concentrates compare—

|            | Lead (per cent.). | Silver (oz.). | Zinc (per cent.). |
|------------|-------------------|---------------|-------------------|
| British .. | 62.0 ..           | 30.5 ..       | 8.0 ..            |
| *South ..  | 68.6 ..           | 22.0 ..       | 7.2 ..            |
| Central .. | 60.9 ..           | 29.7 ..       | 9.8 ..            |

\* Since risen to 70 per cent. lead and 22.3 oz. silver.

The Proprietary has recently proved its new ore bodies at the 800-foot and 1000-foot to be big and rich, and the Central has laid in a good store for the future by striking a magnificent body at the Extended's 1000-foot. This body is a big thing for the Central, and also means much to the South, which is bound to get it at depth. The British general stopes are all very satisfactory, and exploratory-cum-development work on this Company's long-neglected Block 16 is proving the existence of payable ore. It is thought possible, by the way, now that this Block 16 is turning up trumps, that it may be floated into a "pup" Company. The half-yearly report of the British to June 30 (just issued in London) shows a net profit of £10,438 for sixteen months. At the present moment, however, the Company is making a profit of quite £2000 per fortnight, over £50,000 per year! This should be pleasing information to English scrippers. And I don't think I am far out in saying that the Central is making at the rate of £200,000 per year! All the mines in full work are doing well for themselves. Even the North, in less than six months, after being shut down for several years, was able last week to distribute 2s. 9d. per share. The Proprietary, South, North, and British are now all paying dividends, and the Central could join the list if it would. It is a pity, though, that the Sulphide Corporation is so overweighted—a lot of money is required to pay out on 1,100,000 shares.

The expected discovery in the A. B. H. Consols hasn't yet proved important. Some valuable ore has been won, but not very much of it. One must still await the rich "pockets" that made the name of the mine famous in the past. The Junction will, it is hoped, re-start active work in a couple of weeks. Block 14, by selling its Preference shares held in reserve, has pulled itself out of the financial mire, and is thinking of getting to work again. South Blocks is thinking of erecting a plant. The Victoria has amalgamated with the North and sunk its identity. Other mines all have more hopeful prospects.

The Proprietary directors paid their half-yearly visit to the mine the other day. They were unanimous in expressing satisfaction at the progress of affairs, and ventured an opinion that the outlook was good. The half-year ends at the close of this month (November), so very shortly the figures for the six months will be available. They promise to be even more amazing than usual, and local shareholders are expectant that they will allow of an increased dividend.

Saturday, Dec. 31, 1904.

### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

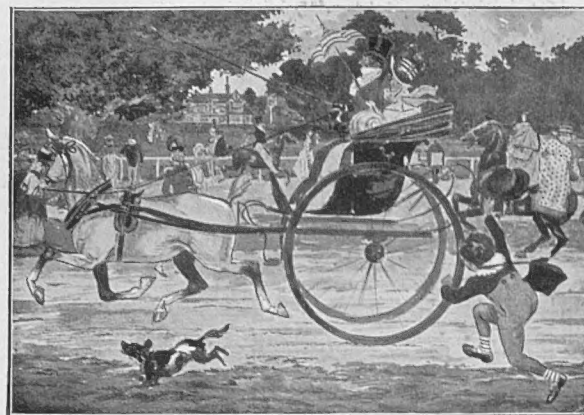
J. A. E.—The Rubicon and Penyalting we know nothing about. They are probably Colonial Companies. Fields Reward shares are 10s. each fully paid; no dividend. Sons of Gwalia: a first-class concern; dividends 6s. this year; price 2½ for one-pound shares. The Day Dawn you refer to is, as far as we know, the name of a town in the Murchison district, not of a mine.

LEEDS.—(1) We should not sell Johnnies at present. (2) A gamble, and not to our liking. (3) New Africans and British Transvaal would please us best, but sell on any decent profit.

ST. JOHNS.—The market considers the mine a good cheap Westralian. Undoubtedly the present ore is poorer than it was in 1903.

E. G.—(1) The highest price in 1904 was 9½. Competition is too stiff to see this again, we fear. (2) Yes; we still think John Wright and Eagle Range shares a good Industrial investment.

## A SET OF PICTURES BY OUR "FLEET STREET" SPORTSMAN.



THE FIRST DRIVE OF THE SEASON.



"MARK OVER."



ON THE OUTLYING BEAT.

Three Photogravures in Colours, after Ralph Cleaver.  
Engraved Surface 13 by 9 in. Artist's Proofs, limited to 100 Sets, £2 2s. per Set.  
Separate, £1 1s. per Proof.

### SPORTING PLATES, after Archibald Thorburn.

"ON THE OUTLYING BEAT," "MARK OVER," "THE FIRST DRIVE OF THE SEASON."

A Set of Three Etchings, 11 by 8 in. Signed Proofs upon Vellum, limited to 100.  
£5 5s. per Set.

ILLUSTRATED LISTS FREE.

INSPECTION INVITED.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," 198, STRAND, W.C.

WEST-END AGENTS: MESSRS. BASSANO, LIMITED, 25, OLD BOND STREET.

SOLE PUBLISHERS FOR INDIA: MESSRS. CAMPBELL AND MEDLAND, HARE STREET, CALCUTTA.